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SISTER RUTH'S

Stories for the Young:

OR,

EVENINGS WITH JOHN WOOLMAN.

By R. P. A.

"And in later years, how lovely
Is the track of Woolman's feet:
And his pure and humble record,
How serenely sweet!

"O'er life's simplest duties, throwing
Light, the earthling never knew —
Freshening all its dark, waste places,
As with Hermon's dew."

Whittier.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY A FRIEND.

THIS little book has been prepared with a view of presenting in a familiar manner to young persons, an outline of the life and religious labors of the excellent man who is its subject. The peculiar simplicity and purity of John Woolman's character, the fervor of his efforts to win his fellow-beings into the blessed ways of pleasantness and peace, together with the outspoken testimony he bore respecting the unchristian institution of American Slavery, at a period when it required much moral courage to cry aloud against a sin, whose turpitude, few, even in the nominally religious world, cared or dared to expose—all render this good man's history a fitting example to be placed before the young. The work, however, entitled, "Journal of John Woolman," cannot be expected to have much attractiveness for juvenile readers: yet it has been hoped that

sketches from it, in a simplified form, thrown together under a slight drapery of dialogue, might not be without some power of interesting them. Many incidents, it will be perceived, are given in the words of John Woolman himself, whose exact, and therefore quaint, phraseology has in these cases been retained: and a few poetical pieces, some selected, some original, are interspersed along the narrative.

May this little volume, which aspires to no fame, and seeks only to be useful, be read by many a boy and girl; and while it is trusted some young readers may, through its perusal, learn to love the beauty of a meek and holy life, may they strive to imitate in their own, something of the conscientiousness, gentleness, and benignity, which adorn the "pure and humble record" of this beloved disciple: and thus the labor of love that an earnest friend of youth has bestowed on these pages, will have its rich reward.

A. W. M.

Oct. 1864.

SISTER RUTH'S STORIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE labors of the day were over; the shutters were closed, and the evening lamp was lighted, when Effie and Mary Howard, seating themselves on each side of their loving elder sister Ruth, entreated her not to keep them waiting any longer, but to commence her long-promised evening stories. Smiling at their earnestness, she readily complied with their request, believing that in this familiar way she could instil much useful knowledge into their tender minds—and while she interested them in her narrations, she might now and then drop a thought, that like "bread cast upon the waters," might be found again "after many days."

"Nearly a century and a half ago," said she, "in the pleasant month of August, 1720, when the flowers were in bloom, and the trees were laden with fruit, a group of little children were kneeling around

the cradle of their baby brother, pressing kisses upon the little face, and playing with the tiny fingers, while their grave, gentle mother sat near, asking, no doubt, in her heart, that blessings might descend upon the head of her infant son; and that wisdom might be given her to guide his steps aright, and to sow in his tender mind good seed, that might bring forth fruit to the glory of God. And her prayers were answered, for he became a "bright and shining light;" one who, like the prophets of old, enjoyed high communion with the Father of Spirits. He drank deep of "Siloa's brook, that flowed fast by the oracles of God;" and early in life he went forth as a messenger of the good tidings of the gospel of peace; and concerning his ministry, this record is left, that in "patience and humility, he endured many deep baptisms," and thereby became "sanctified and fitted for the Lord's work;" and that the spring of the gospel ministry often flowed through him, with great sweetness and purity as a refreshing stream to the weary travellers towards the city of God."

Effie, breaking the silence that followed these words, said, "I wonder why it is that all the great and good people that we read of, must have so much sorrow; it almost makes me shudder to think of it." Her sister replied in the expressive language of the Saviour, so beautifully paraphrased by the poet—

"Wide is the gate and broad the way
That open to perdition,
And countless multitudes are they
Who seek admission.

"But straight the gate, the path unkind,
That lead to life immortal;
And few the careful feet that find
The hidden portal.

"All common good has common price,
Exceeding good exceeding;
Christ bought the keys of Paradise
By cruel bleeding.

"And every soul that wins a place,
Upon its hills of Pleasure,
Must give its all, and beg for grace
To fill the measure."

It does seem inscrutable to us, that there should be so much sorrow and suffering in this beautiful world; but as the silver is purified in the furnace, and the dross separated from the fine gold by the fire—as the wheat is passed through the threshing instrument, that the worthless chaff may be separated from the good grain; so by suffering, all that is low and worthless and trivial, is consumed and scattered, and there is opportunity given for the good, the high, the spiritual that is left, to develop gradually, aspiring ever towards perfection." Their invalid sister, Anna, who, reclining upon her couch,

had been intently listening to the conversation, her eyes glistening with unshed tears, and her pale face irradiated with peaceful smiles, now addressed her sister: "Yes, dear Ruth, it does seem wonderful; great is the mystery of suffering —and, as thou hast just said, finite man may not understand it. But does not the inspired apostle somewhere say, "For we reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." And remember, that, although the Israelites journeyed forty years in the wilderness, yet there the precious manna was given — and there they reposed by Elim's fountains, beneath the palm's refreshing shade. Although their feet went down into the depths of Jordan, yet from thence they brought up "stones of memorial." It was not till after Bunyan's Pilgrim had fought with Apollyon in the "Vale of Humiliation,"—and weary, faint of heart, had traversed the "dark valley of the shadow of death," that the Shepherds led him to the top of the Delectable Mountains, from whose summits he could catch bright glimpses of the Celestial city. Not till the "beloved disciple" had followed in the footsteps of the Master, patiently enduring persecution, scorn and shame for His sake — ready even to offer up his life for Him; not till exiled from his home, a dweller in the

lonely isle of Patmos, for the "word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ," was he permitted to see the glorious vision of the Beautiful City, where flows the "River of the water of Life," and where the "Tree of Life grows for the healing of the nations." Be assured, my sisters, that "Afflictions spring not forth from the dust,"—there is a joy even in the midst of grief, and, although

"Sorrow must crop each passion-shoot,
And pain, each lust infernal,
Or human life can bear no fruit
To life eternal.

"Yet angels wait on Providence,
And mark the sundered places,
To graft with gentlest instruments
The heavenly graces."

"But, dear sister," said little Willie, who had been quietly sitting upon a cushion at his sister's feet, listening attentively, but comprehending little of what had been said,—"dear sister, thou hast not told us who this great and good man was. Where did he live? What kind of a little boy was he? Did he have to go to school all the time as we do? and did he never get out of patience, and wish he could chase the yellow butterflies, and play in the fields amidst the new-mown hay,

instead of having to sit in the warm, dull school-room, studying those long, hard names in the Geography, which always worry me so? Did he always do what his father and mother and teacher wished him to do, without pouting and being naughty? I wonder if he used to say, every morning, as I do,

"A good boy will mind his work,
And love to read his book,
He will not pout, nor fret, nor cry,
Nor show a sour look."

"There is little told, dear Willie," responded his sister, "in the accounts that I have read, concerning his school-days; but no doubt he was far more patient, obedient, and industrious, than most little boys are, for he could read at a very early age — and he speaks of the sorrow he felt, even when so young, on hearing boys use improper language. One anecdote, which he himself relates, shows his great tenderness for the poor, dumb animals. He says, "A thing remarkable in my childhood was, that once, going to a neighbor's house, I saw on the way a robin sitting on her nest, and as I came near, she went off, but having young ones, flew about, and with many cries, showed her concern for them. I stood and threw stones at her, till one striking her, she fell down

dead. At first I was pleased with the exploit, but after a few minutes was seized with horror, for having in a sportive way killed an innocent creature, while she was careful for her young. I beheld her lying dead, and thought those young ones, for which she was so careful, must now perish for want of their dam to nourish them; and after some painful considerations on the subject, I climbed up the tree, took all the young ones and killed them, thinking that better than to leave them to pine away and die miserably; and believed, in this case, that Scripture proverb was fulfilled, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." I then went on my errand, but for some hours after I could think of little else but the cruelties I had committed, and was much troubled. Thus He whose tender mercies are over all his works, hath placed a principle in the human mind, which incites us to exercise goodness towards every living creature; and this being simply attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathizing; but being frequently and totally rejected, the mind becomes shut up in a contrary disposition." He further says of himself: "About the twelfth year of my age, my father being abroad, my mother reproved me for some misconduct, to which I made an undutiful reply; and the next First-day, as I was with my father returning from meeting, he

told me he understood I had behaved amiss towards my mother, and advised me to be more careful in future. I knew myself blamable, and in shame and confusion remained silent. Being thus awakened to a sense of my wickedness, I felt remorse in my mind, and getting home, I retired and prayed to the Lord to forgive me; and I do not remember that I ever, after that, spoke unhandsomely to either of my parents, however foolish in some other things."

"Besides this, dear Willie," like Timothy of old, he "knew the Scriptures from his youth up," and doubtless greatly delighted, even when a little boy, in reading of the wanderings of Abraham and Jacob; of the mighty acts of Elijah and Elisha; of the wise king who built at Jerusalem the great temple; and of Daniel who prayed to God notwithstanding the king's commandment; and of the three Jewish youths, who, refusing to worship the great image that Nebuchadnezzar had set up in the plain of Dura, were thrown into the fiery furnace, and yet not destroyed. And, doubtless, better than all, he loved to read of the "wise men" who came from a far country, to offer frankincense and myrrh, and precious gifts to the Messiah—the babe for whom there was no room in the inn, and whom, though they found him

lying in a manger, they believed to be the king that should come to redeem his people.

"So, dear Willie, John Woolman, for this was his honored name, even as a little boy, appears to have been very innocent and thoughtful, and though, no doubt, he loved as well as thou, to toss about the new-mown hay, and gambol in the green fields, watching the birds building their nests, and the yellow butterflies glancing to and fro, yet I do not believe he wished to do it at improper times, when he knew something else ought to be done. Learn too from him, dear Willie, to be careful not to hurt anything unnecessarily, not even the meanest worm that crawls, remembering that He, who gave it life, meant that it should enjoy it — and that we cannot give back the life we have taken, even to the smallest insect.

"But, my dear children, I have told you enough concerning John Woolman for the present; at some other time, if life and health are spared, we will renew the subject." And taking her little brother by the hand, she led him to his own apartment, and after listening to his little prayer—

"Father! now the day is past,
On thy child thy blessing cast,
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Keep thy guardian angel band.

And throughout the darkling night,
Bless me with a cheerful light,
Let me rise at morn again,
Free from every thought of pain;
Passing through life's thorny way,
Keep me, Father! day by day—"

she rejoined her sisters, glad to know that her wild, but affectionate little brother, had become so much interested in John Woolman,—glad that to her, was given the privilege of thus endeavoring to sow the "good seed" in the minds of these little ones, and to feel, that though humble her efforts, and short and simple the stories she related to them, they were already learning to love these pleasant evening communings, and no longer wished for fun and excitement and noisy games. Faithful, loving, elder sister; by scattering flowers in the pathway of others, lo! they were springing up abundantly in her own.

CHAPTER II.

THE same little group, that we have spoken of before, at the coming on of the quiet winter evening, again gathered around their sister, reminding her, of her promise to tell them another story concerning John Woolman. "It is so much more interesting," said their little pet brother, Willie, "to listen to sister Ruth's stories, than it is to read the same in a book. The other night when she told us about the little baby lying in the cradle, and his brothers and sisters trying to make him laugh, and playing with his little, white, chubby hands, it seemed to me as if I could see him lying there. I cannot understand all the great and good things that he did when a man, but I shall always love him better, for thinking of that pretty picture of him, that it seemed to me, I saw while Ruth was talking to us. And I felt so sorry for him when he killed the poor robin; I know he must have felt very badly, when he heard the little ones cry for their mother, and he knew that she could never bring them any more food, nor keep them warm with her soft feathers at night. The tears almost come into my eyes, when I think how hard it must have been for him to take all those pretty

little birds out of their warm nest and kill them, one by one, when they were crying so pitifully, and trying to tell how badly they wanted their mother. I wonder if they would not have eaten some crumbs of bread, or some worms, if he had taken them home with him, and tried to feed them. But perhaps the cat would have caught them, then, as they had no mother to take care of them. I suppose it was better to kill them than to leave them to starve, but it did seem too bad. I shall always think of this, when I throw stones; and I will be very careful not to hurt the poor little birds, or even the little worms that are crawling about in the path, any more. I had never thought before that it is an easy matter to kill them, but that we cannot possibly bring them back to life again." His sister, Ruth, smiling lovingly at the little face, so full of earnestness and pity, upturned to hers, assured him of the pleasure it had given her, to find that he had thought so much about what she had said to them; and she hoped, he would always remember that cruelty, even to dumb animals, is a sin, and always brings unhappiness to those who indulge in it. Then addressing her sisters, she said, "Little is recorded of the life of John Woolman, from the 16th to the 21st year of his age. He appears to have lived quietly at home, guarded

by a tender father's care, watched over by a loving mother; and, living in the country, he was, in a measure, shielded from the temptations that surround a young man, in large cities. Yet, even here, shielded and guarded as he was, temptation found him; the syren, Pleasure, beckoned him, and he obeyed her call. Notwithstanding all the care that had been taken by his watchful parents, to sow only "good seed" in the garden of the mind, and to root up all the weeds, and poisonous herbs, yet, he says of himself, "there was a plant in me which produced many wild grapes." "Vanity was added to vanity, and repentance to repentance." He no longer took pleasure in reading the Holy Scriptures, which had once afforded him so much satisfaction, but, mingling with the careless and the thoughtless, "associating with these in the reverse of true friendship," he found his greatest pleasure in youthful vanities and diversions. But while running this swift race of folly, Disease laid her hand upon him so heavily, that he could hear the rustling of the wings of the Angel of Death. He felt that he was standing on the very brink of the dark river, and he shuddered at the thought of passing alone through its chill waters. The consoling language of the inspired prophet, "When thou passest through the waters. I will be with thee, and through the

rivers, they shall not overflow thee," was not for him. It did not calm his fears, for he remembered that the promise was to those who had been redeemed and called by the name of the Lord.

He prayed fervently that his life might be spared a little longer — that the Angel of Death might pass him by—promising to renounce these "youthful vanities," and to endeavor to walk humbly before his God. And, for some time, the remembrance of the anguish which he had endured in the prospect of the near approach of death to him, so unprepared; and gratitude to the merciful Father who had heard his prayers, and graciously restored him to health, dwelt with him; keeping him for a season, humble, gentle, and loving. But as health and strength more fully returned, and he again mingled with his old companions, he forgot how "gracious the Lord had been to him, and how he had spoken peace to him in his distress." He says of himself at this time, "I was not so hardy as to commit things scandalous, but to exceed in vanity, and promote mirth, were my chief study. Still I retained a love and esteem for pious people; and their company brought an awe upon me. My dear parents, several times admonished me in the fear of the Lord, and their admonitions entered into my heart, and had a good effect for a season; but not

getting deep enough to pray rightly, the tempter, when he came, found entrance. I remember that once, having spent a part of the day in wantonness, as I went to bed at night, a Bible lay in the window near my bed, which I opened, and first cast my eye on the text, "we lie down in our shame, and our confusion covers us;" this I knew to be my case; and meeting with so unexpected a reproof, I was somewhat affected with it, and went to bed under remorse of conscience—which I soon cast off again." Thus sinning and repenting, "sowing to the wind, and reaping the whirlwind," he went on his way, till he reached his eighteenth year. He had walked in the road where Pleasure led him, and found it full of thorns, where he had hoped to find only flowers growing; he had "pressed the juice from purple clusters, and filled life's chalice with the wine," but the sparkling wine was mingled with wormwood; he had tasted the fairest fruits that hung by the way-side, and casting aside, as much as he could, all reflection and serious thoughts, he tried to find a pleasant and easy path for his feet.

"Ah! the path was smooth and easy, but a snare was
set therein;
And the feet were oft entangled in the fearful mesh
of sin;

And the canker-worm was hidden in the rose-leaf
folded up,
And the sparkling wine of Pleasure, was a fatal
Circean cup;
All its fruits were Dead-Sea apples, tempting only
to the sight;
Fair, yet filled with dust and ashes — beautiful, but
touched with blight."

Finding that the way of the Cross was safest and best; and learning in seasons of sorrow and abasement, that

"By the thorn-path, and no other
Is the mount of vision trod;"

he, at length, became willing to walk in the narrow way that had been pointed out to him, and forsaking his wild companions, who had often proved a snare to him, he steadily attended meetings, and spent his First-day afternoons in reading the Bible, and other good books, instead of in unprofitable company, and trifling conversation.

And as he patiently bore the Cross, and followed in the footsteps of the Saviour, he knew a more intimate communion with him; testifying by his deportment, that he had indeed been with the Master. For as he truly remarks, "Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces, who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony

in the sound of that voice to which Divine love gives utterance, and some appearance of right order in their temper and conduct, whose passions are regulated; yet all these do not fully show forth that inward life, to such who have not felt it; but this white stone and new name are known rightly to such only who have them."

All this time he had been living with his parents at home, and working with his father on the farm; but having received a good education for those days, and having improved himself by study during the long winter evenings, and other seasons of leisure, he now, in his 21st year, entered into business for himself — taking service as a clerk and book-keeper, with a man who carried on an extensive business in shop-keeping and baking. The store was situated in Mount Holly, about five miles from his own home. Here John Woolman had many fresh trials and temptations to encounter. His employer lived some miles out of the village, and John had the store to himself, during the day, where he was visited by many of his young acquaintance, who wished to make him like his new home, and often sought to persuade him to go with them in search of fun and pleasure—but he withstood all their entreaties. A short time after his removal to Mount Holly, his "master bought several Scotchmen, as ser-

vants, from on board a vessel," and brought them to this place to sell; not as regular bondmen all their lives, but till they had compensated those who had advanced the money for their passage. For it was customary, upon the arrival of the very poor upon our shores, while they were yet on ship-board, for some of the merchants or rich men, to pay their fare, and then sell them, or bind them out for a term of years, till they had earned enough to satisfy those who had advanced the money for their fare. This, at least, is what I have read, or heard somewhere, though I cannot, just now, give you my authority for it.

One of these men, while yet in the hands of John Woolman's employer, was taken sick, and died. John Woolman, speaking of this occurrence, says: "In the latter part of his sickness, he being delirious, used to curse and swear most sorrowfully; and the next night after his burial, I was left to sleep alone in the same chamber where he died. I perceived in me a timorousness; I knew, however, that I had not injured the man, but assisted in taking care of him according to my capacity; and was not free to ask any one, on that occasion, to sleep with me; nature was feeble, but every trial was a fresh incentive to give myself wholly up to the service of God, for I found no helper like him in times of trouble."

At length, his former acquaintance, finding that they could not entice him to join them any more in their sports and revelry, gave up the attempt, and left him to himself. But he was not alone, even outwardly, for some of the more serious and well-disposed people, observing his staid deportment and conscientious discharge of duty, sought his companionship; and they not only strengthened him in his good resolutions, but often they were a solace to him when sad and heavy-hearted—for thorns were still growing in his pathway, and he was often made to drink of the cup of suffering.

"And here, my dear sisters," said the gentle Anna, "let me advise you to be careful, very careful, in your choice of companions. It is an old and trite proverb, that 'Birds of a feather flock together;' and those who mingle together on terms of intimacy, must assimilate in a greater or less degree. We all are influenced more or less by our surroundings; and the actions, the words, the thoughts of our companions, do exercise a powerful influence upon us all, and especially upon the young.

"It is dangerous to depend upon our own strength, and think we shall not be harmed by communion with those who delight in wrong-doing—who, through carelessness and levity, wander far away themselves, and lead others with them,

from the narrow path. No one can walk among the coals, and still keep her garments white and free from soil. And on the other hand, my precious sisters, if you choose for your friends the virtuous, the intelligent, the pure, they will strengthen all that is good in you—they will take you by the hand, and help you to mount up higher —they will prove themselves to be friends indeed."

"At length," continued Ruth, "John Woolman, feeling an earnest solicitude for his young friends, that they too might, with him, follow the Master, and sensible that his lips had been touched with the 'live coal from off the holy altar,' and that he had been sent with a message of love to them, ere he had completed his twenty-third year, he appeared publicly as a minister in the Society of Friends. I have often thought how impressive to his young and gay companions must have been his admonitions, coming from one still so young. And, dear Anna, what a high honor, what a precious reward had he received, for bearing the cross in his youth; for methinks those who are 'put in trust with the gospel,' who are sent forth as ambassadors, to declare the 'glad tidings of the gospel of peace,' are indeed favored above their fellows—are favored with a closer walk, a higher communion with their God."

"Dear Anna," said Mary, "I see little Willie's

eyes are growing dim, and sister Ruth is folding up her work, a token that her story is over for this evening; but, before she goes, wilt thou not repeat for us Whittier's beautiful lines, upon the 'Cross?' It speaks of some one bearing the cross in his youth; and though John Woolman did not suffer martyrdom, yet as the friend of the slave, and one of the first who interested themselves in persuading Friends to liberate theirs everywhere, he met, sister Ruth has told me, with much opposition and unkindness from some, who, perhaps, blinded by self-interest, could not see the subject in the same light that he did."

"Yes, little sister, I will gladly repeat it for thee; for the thought that the 'Cross, if rightly borne, shall be no burden, but a strength to me,' has been an inexpressible consolation, when confined for days together to a couch of suffering."

"The Cross, if rightly borne, shall be
No burden, but a strength to thee."
So, moved of old time for our sake,
The holy monk of Kempen spake.

"Thou brave and true one, upon whom
Was laid the Cross of martyrdom,
How didst thou, in thy faithful youth,
Bear witness to this blessed truth.

"Thy Cross of suffering and of shame,
A staff within thy hands became,
In paths where Faith alone could see
The Master's steps upholding thee.

"Thine was the seed-time, God alone,
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with Him.

"Yet unforgotten where it lies,
That seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
Shall rise with flower and fruit at last."

CHAPTER III.

AGAIN the same little group were gathered around their sister, waiting for her evening story. The rain was gently, slowly falling, pattering with a low, melancholy sound upon the roof. But when the shutters were closed, and the lamps were lighted, these loving ones forgot the storm and the cold without, in the comfort that reigned within. Or, if the low wailing of the wind sometimes came mournfully to their ears, reminding them of the tempest without, it was only to contrast their happier lot with that of the poor and the suffering — and while it had not the power to sadden their young and joyous spirits, it increased their pity for those who must brave its fury, and rendered them more thankful that their "lives had fallen in pleasant places." But soon even this was forgotten, as their sister called their attention to her narration, saying, "From this time John Woolman daily grew more and more respected and trusted, not only by his employer, but by those around him, young as well as old; for they could not but see the beauty and consistency of such a life as he

led; and this gave him such an influence over his companions as enabled him, without offence, to speak a word in season, when he saw that any one was wandering from the narrow path of right and truth. He says of himself, "About the time called Christmas, I observed that many people from the country, and dwellers in town, resorting to public houses, spent their time in drinking and vain sports, tending to corrupt one another; on which account I was much troubled. At one house, in particular, there was much disorder, and I believed it was a duty incumbent on me to go and speak to the master of that house. I considered I was young, and that several elderly Friends in town had an opportunity to see these things; but though I would gladly have been excused, yet I could not feel my mind clear. The exercise was heavy, and as I was reading what the Almighty said to Ezekiel respecting his duty as a watchman, the matter was set home more clearly; and then, with prayers and tears I besought the Lord for his assistance, who in loving kindness gave me a resigned heart. Then, at a suitable opportunity, I went to the public house, and seeing the man amongst much company, I went to him, and told him I wanted to speak with him; so we went aside, and there, in the fear and dread of the Almighty, I expressed to him what rested on my mind, which he took

kindly — and afterwards showed more regard to me than before. In a few years afterwards he died, middle-aged; and I often thought that had I neglected my duty in that case, it would have given me great trouble; and I was humbly thankful to my gracious Father, who had supported me herein."

"About this time," said sister Ruth, "John Woolman's eyes were opened to see the enormity of slavery; to see that it was inconsistent with the principles professed by all Christians, and especially by Friends, to hold their brothers and sisters in bondage, and to enjoy the fruits of their unrequited labor. He says, "My employer having a negro woman, sold her, and desired me to write a bill of sale, the man being waiting who bought her. The thing was sudden; and though the thoughts of writing an instrument of slavery for one of my fellow-creatures, felt uneasy, yet I remembered that I was hired by the year, that it was my master who directed me to do it, and that it was an elderly man, a member of our Society, who bought her; so through weakness I gave way and wrote it, but at the execution of it, I was so afflicted in my mind, that I said before my master and the Friend, that I believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion. This in some degree abated my uneasiness;

yet as often as I reflected seriously upon it, I thought I should have been clearer, if I had desired to be excused from it, as a thing against my conscience, for such it was."

"Some time after this, a young man of our Society spoke to me to write a conveyance of a slave to him, he having lately taken a negro into his house. I told him I was not easy to write it; for though many of our meeting and in other places kept slaves, I still believed the practice was not right, and desired to be excused from the writing. I spoke to him in good will, and he told me that keeping slaves was not altogether agreeable to his mind, but that the slave being a gift made to his wife, he had accepted of her."

"Why, did Friends ever keep slaves?" said Effie; "how strange! I knew that long, long ago, there were a few slaves in New Jersey, but I did not know that Friends were allowed to keep them." Little Willie, too, who had listened with astonishment and pity, hastily spoke, inquiring whether "The Friends used to sell the poor little colored boys away from their mothers, as they do in the South, and never let them come home any more? Did they use to beat them, and make them work hard all day, and then not give them enough to eat, as I read they did in the rice swamps and sugar plantations? But then, dear sister, wasn't

it a fine thing that there were not any rice-fields here, nor any cotton for them to pick. I know I should get very tired, working day after day in the hot sun, picking cotton. How the little slaves must have cried, when they were sold away from their fathers and mothers, with nobody to love them any more, or to speak kindly to them, but a strange driver standing over them, with his whip in his hand, ready to strike them if they were tired and did not work fast enough. I am so glad that John Woolman told the man that it was wrong to have slaves; I should think he would not wish to keep them, after he knew it was wrong."

Willie's lips quivered as he ended, and his eyes filled with tears at the sorrowful picture he had conjured up; for, reared in the lap of affection, accustomed only to loving words, his heart went forth in pity and deep sympathy towards those who were unkindly treated—towards the suffering and oppressed. Sister Ruth, kissing away the tears from the little face lifted so earnestly to hers, replied, "It was at one time common for Friends even, to hold slaves; and although they were held accountable to the meeting, as well as to the laws of the State, if they abused them in any way, either by giving them an insufficiency of food, or requiring of them tasks beyond their strength to perform, yet no doubt there was much suffering,

physically as well as mentally, of which the world never knew — sufferings and wrongs, which were wafted with the cries and the prayers of the oppressed to the ears of a pitying Father, who regardeth even the sparrows when they fall. Yet, thanks be to God! that there were no rice or cotton-fields, as Willie says, in which they were compelled to labor from the dawn to the close of the day, fainting beneath the rays of the noon-day sun.

From the habits of the people dwelling here, from the character of the soil and climate, slavery here, could not be quite so revolting and horrible as it is at the South, for there is not so much to tempt cupidity. Neither, dear Willie, was it considered at all just or respectable (and thou knowest public opinion has a great influence) to separate families, and send them to the slave-market, unless the slaves proved very unmanageable, or had committed some crime which was not punishable with death. Slaves often passed from father to son, in the same way as the rest of the paternal estate, and they grew old and died on the same plantation on which they were born, and in the service of the same family. No doubt, strong affection often existed between the family of the master and the slave — many instances have been

left on record of the slaves fidelity even to death — and the gratitude of the master.

And, no doubt, for the most part, these old family servants were kindly treated, and well cared for in every way; and their lives were comparatively easy and pleasant. No doubt many of the Friends of those days, received the injunction of the blessed Saviour to Peter, "feed my lambs —" as if spoken to them individually; and while instructing the little ones of their own flesh and blood, they forgot not the stranger and the bondman within their gates, but broke to them also the bread of life.

Yet, notwithstanding the kindness and consideration, that many of them who had good, kind-hearted masters, received; notwithstanding, many of them were, perhaps, better off, temporally, than they would have been without any one to control and direct them; yet there was room for a great deal of unkindness and oppression. And more than all, those who held them were acting in direct disobedience to the injunction of the Saviour, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Even at this time, some Friends were not satisfied that they were doing right in holding slaves; and from time to time they were liberated either during the life of their master, or were left free at his death,

by his will. And though, from time to time, apostles were raised up to preach against this great iniquity, yet John Woolman appears to have been the first, in this part of the world, who was anointed, especially, for this great work; who went forth pleading with his friends, to "break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free." And great was the work that he accomplished; many were convinced by his words of their sinfulness in holding slaves; and richly was he rewarded, even here, by knowing that many, both black and white, followed him with heart-felt blessings, and regarded him as their benefactor.

In the 9th month, 1743, John Woolman set forth on his first religious visit, in company with Abraham Farrington, and attended most of the meetings of Friends in East Jersey; he also appointed many meetings in places where few, if any, Friends dwelt. An evening meeting was held in a tavern, at Brunswick, which was largely attended — the people behaving in a very quiet, orderly manner. Another was held at Amboy, in the court-house, "to which came many people, amongst whom were several members of assembly; they being in town on the public affairs of the province." Thence, he went to Woodbridge, Rahway, and Plainfield, holding six or seven meetings, which were chiefly made up of Presbyterians, and in which his

"ancient companion was enlarged to preach in the love of the gospel." This journey occupied about two weeks. It was to John Woolman a solemn as well as a pleasant season; and though he said but little in these meetings, yet his "mind was tender, and he learned some profitable lessons;" learned to be careful, when his lips were opened, not to speak any thing more or less than was furnished him by the Great Master.

About this time some difficulty arose, in settling a business affair, in which several families were involved, and which excited much ill-feeling among the parties. One valuable friend in particular, an elderly man, "got off his watch," and acted in a manner unbecoming to one who made so high a profession. For this friend, John Woolman had a great regard, and he was greatly grieved that he should thus have left the watch-tower; yet, being young, he felt a delicacy in rebuking one so advanced, both in age and experience, but after weighing it well, and believing that it was required of him to do so, strength was given him, to "express what lay upon him" in a way which became his own youth, and the father in Israel, to whom he spoke. Of this, he says, "though it was a hard task to me, it was well taken, and I believe was useful to us both."

John Woolman having now been several years

engaged in merchandise, and finding it attended with much cumber and anxiety, felt that the time had come for him to seek some more simple way of obtaining a livelihood. For, although he had received several offers of business that appeared profitable, he did not see his way clear to accept any of them, lest, entangled in business, his eye should be dimmed, so that he might not see the pointings of the finger of Truth. He says in relation to this, "I saw that an humble man, with the blessing of the Lord, might live on a little; and that where the heart was set on greatness, success in business did not satisfy the craving; but that commonly with an increase of wealth, the desire of wealth increased. There was a care on my mind, so to pass my time that nothing might hinder me from the most steady attention to the voice of the true Shepherd."

His employer, though now a shop-keeper, was a tailor by trade; and he still kept a "servant-man" employed in carrying on that branch of business for him. Of this man, John Woolman resolved to learn the tailoring business, believing that he might, by this "trade, and a little retailing of goods, get a living in a plain way, without the load of great business."

This plan met with the approbation of his employer, and the terms were soon agreed upon, and

all the time he could spare from the store he spent working with this man, and soon acquired a thorough knowledge of the business. To use his own words, "I believed the hand of Providence pointed out this business for me; and was taught to be content with it, though I felt at times, a disposition that would have sought for something greater. But through the revelation of Jesus Christ, I had seen the happiness of humility, and there was an earnest desire in me to enter deeply into it; and at times, this desire arose to a degree of fervent supplication, wherein my soul was so environed with heavenly light and consolation, that things were made easy to me, which had been otherwise."

The wife of his employer dying soon afterwards, the store was given up — and John Woolman, thus released from his engagement, worked at his trade as a tailor. And while his hands were busy with the necessary avocations of daily life, and like Paul he ministered to his own necessities, his heart was intent upon doing the Master's work, and while in this humble waiting state, the summons again came, "go forth with a message to my people." On the 12th of 3d month, 1746, in company with Isaac Andrews, he set out for a religious visit to some of the "back settlements of Pennsylvania; to Maryland, Virginia,

and Carolina." They endured many hardships upon this journey; for in Pennsylvania, especially, where the settlements were new, and the people generally poor, few of them had more than enough, upon their arrival, to purchase their small farms —so that to stock and cultivate these, to build comfortable houses, and to educate their children, required a constant struggle. Besides, communication with the older settlements was rare and difficult, and the people necessarily lived in a coarse, rude way. John Woolman sympathized deeply with them in their trials — with their hardships in the wilderness, and encouraged them to persevere. He particularly recommended friends, who should feel called upon to visit these isolated ones, not to expect the kind attentions, the almost luxurious entertainment they met with in older and wealthier places, but to partake cheerfully of whatever was set before them, and "to be content with their lot, as becomes the disciples of Christ."

While passing from these newly settled places to Virginia, they encountered many dangers and difficulties; lodging sometimes in the woods, eating the provision they had brought with them from their last stopping-place, and quenching their thirst from the running brook; while their horses, tethered to the trees near them, were left to feed

upon the surrounding herbage. But a Father's loving care watched over them, and led them safely through the wilderness; and the "sweet influence of his spirit, supported them through all difficulties." They were "baptized into a feeling of the conditions of the people," and were called upon to suffer with the suffering and heavy-hearted; yet, although their feet oft went down into the depths of Jordan, through the "goodness of their Heavenly Father, the wells of living waters, were, at times, opened to their encouragement, and the refreshment of the sincere-hearted." He and his companion, after having travelled together in great harmony, returned home in the 6th month, 1746, and "parted in the nearness of true brotherly love."

John Woolman, in speaking of this journey, says, "Two things were remarkable to me; first, in regard to my entertainment; when I ate, drank, and lodged free-cost, with people who lived in ease on the hard labor of slaves, I felt uneasy; and as my mind was inward to the Lord, I found, from place to place, this uneasiness return upon me, at times, through the whole visit. Where the masters bore a good share of the burthen, and lived frugally, so that their servants were well-provided, and their labor moderate, I felt more

easy; but when they lived in a costly way, and laid heavy burdens on their slaves, my exercise was often great, and I frequently had conversation with them in private, concerning it.

Secondly, the trade of importing slaves from their native country, being much encouraged amongst them, and the white people and their children, so generally living without much labor, were frequently the subject of my serious thoughts; and I saw in these Southern provinces, so many vices and corruptions, increased by this trade, and this way of life, that it appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land; and though now many willingly run into it, yet in future, the consequences will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me, not at once, or twice, but as a matter fixed on my mind."

"The more I become acquainted with the character of John Woolman," said their invalid sister Anna, "the more I am struck with its sublimity—with its dignified simplicity. With the capacity he exhibited for carrying on extensive business enterprises and amassing wealth; with the high mental endowments that he possessed, ambition doubtless sometimes whispered that he might make for himself a name and place among the mighty ones of the earth; that he might stand

upon the mount of Fame far above his fellows. To be able to turn away from all these fair prospects, to lend a deaf ear to the call of ambition, and to be willing to walk in the straight and narrow path, bespeak high moral courage, and a devoted love for the Master. I have been reminded, while thinking of this great and good man, of him who was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel—learned in the law—versed not only in Hebrew lore, but in all the knowledge and poetry of the ancients — and who was yet willing to lay aside all the honors and dignities to which he might have attained, to become the disciple of the despised and crucified Jesus of Nazareth. Methinks, in reply to the whispers of the Tempter, to the pleadings of Ambition, I hear them both uttering the sublime words—

> "God forbid that I should glory,
> Save in Jesus and his Cross."

And methinks, viewing the sinfulness of slavery, John Woolman looked forward with prophetic eye, when he spoke of the "grievous consequences" thereof to "posterity" — dissension and hatred, war and rapine, and evil like a great flood, overspreading the land. Would that the people had listened to his gentle admonitions, that their eyes

had been opened to see the evil effects of this shameful traffic in human flesh, while it was yet comparatively small, ere it had grown to the great idol, the mighty god, before which so many thousands bow in worship."

As his sister ceased speaking, little Willie requested, that ere they separated for the night, some one of them would repeat to him the words of an aged slave, addressed to a minister whom the slave was ferrying over a river in Virginia. "Perhaps," said he, "this poor ferryman was one of the very same old slaves that John Woolman saw and pitied so—he might, perhaps, have ferried him over the same stream, and felt that he, too, loved the slave." Their sister Mary complied with her brother's request, and recited the following touching poem:

"His head was white, and his eyes were dim,
His face was marked with wo;
The vigor of youth had passed from him,
And labor had bent him low.

"He gave to the oar his remnant of strength,
As the shallop left the shore;
And he told his tale of grief at length,
Ere the stream was ferried o'er.

"Master," he said, "you're a child of God—
His seal is upon your face—
Poor negro has felt his chastening rod,
And gloried in his grace.

"The sun that rose upon Master's morn,
Rejoiced o'er a free-born babe;
But the light that broke when I was born,
Looked down on a fettered slave.

"I grew apace to my bitter lot,
Too soon felt the heavy chain;
And often I cried, Oh, why will not
Earth, take back her child again?

"I thought perhaps, if I bent to toil,
That heaven might let me see
A day, in which I could tread the soil,
And breathe the air of the free.

"I toiled at morn, I toiled at eve,
I toiled 'neath the mid-day sun;
I rested not, when they gave me leave
And said that my work was done.

"I yielded not to the Summer's heat,
Nor cared for the Winter's frost;
Nor sheltered myself from the storms that beat,
Lest a copper should be lost.

"I've paid for myself, I have paid for my wife,
But our sands are nearly run;
And the freedom we've bought with the end of life,
Would have come with our setting sun.

"He smote his breast, with his eyes on high,
And, in a voice of subdued tones,
Said, 'Master has all my strength, and I
Have nothing but these old bones.'

"Time adds a weight to each year as it rolls;
We soon shall rest in our graves;
We trust in Christ to receive our souls,
But we leave our children slaves."

CHAPTER IV.

SISTER Ruth resumed her narrative by saying, "The next event of any especial interest in the life of John Woolman, was the death of his oldest sister, Elizabeth, who died in the 31st year of her age. Some of us, at that age, on looking backward, can see little that we have accomplished, calculated to benefit either ourselves or others. Day after day glides by in the vain pursuit of pleasure; while we are too apt to think, (if sometimes we feel condemned for leading so thoughtless, aimless a life,) that there is time enough yet, for us to take up the cross, and, giving up our own selfish desires, to minister to the wants of others. But this beloved sister, from a child, seems to have been remarkably sedate, and thoughtful beyond her years. She was very compassionate to the poor, and esteemed it a high privilege, to be able to relieve their necessities, and to alleviate their sufferings. Her brother has left on record one instance of her ready obedience to parental authority, and her earnest desire to conform to their wishes, which

proves her to have been, even then, endeavoring to live the self-denying life that all must live who desire to walk in the footsteps of the Saviour. He says, "It happened that she and two of her sisters, being then near the estate of young women, had an inclination, one First-day, after meeting, to go on a visit to some other young women, at some distance off, whose company, I believe, would have done them no good. They expressed their desire to our parents, who were dissatisfied with the proposal, and stopped them. The same day, as my sisters and I were together, and they talking about their disappointment, Elizabeth expressed her contentment under it, signifying she believed it might be for their good."

I will read to you, my dear sisters, one of her letters, written some two or three years before her death, which I have always admired, both on account of its quaint simplicity, and the sincere piety which every line breathes.

HADDONFIELD, Eleventh month, 1st, 1743.

Beloved brother, JOHN WOOLMAN:

In that love which desires the welfare of all men, I write unto thee; I received thine, dated 2d day of the Tenth month last, with which I was comforted. My spirit was bowed with thankfulness, that I should be remembered, who am so unworthy; but the Lord is full of mercy, and his goodness is extended to the

meanest of his creation; therefore in his infinite love, he hath pitied, and spared, and showed mercy, that I have not been cut off, nor quite lost; but at times I am refreshed and comforted as with the glimpse of his presence, which is more to the immortal part than all which this world can afford; so, with desires for thy preservation with my own, I remain,

Thy affectionate sister,

ELIZABETH WOOLMAN, JUN.

Of her illness we have little account, except what has been preserved by her brother in his biography of himself. He observes, that "the forepart of her illness she was in great sadness and dejection of mind, of which she told one of her intimate friends; and said, "When I was a young girl, I was wanton and airy, but I thought I had thoroughly repented for it;" and added, "I have of late had great satisfaction in meetings."

Though she was thus disconsolate, still she retained a hope which was an anchor to her; and some time after, the same friend came again to see her, to whom she mentioned her former expressions, and said, "It is otherwise now, for the Lord hath rewarded me seven-fold; and I am unable to express the greatness of his love manifested to me." Her disorder appearing dangerous, and our mother being sorrowful, she took notice of it, and said, "Dear mother, weep not for me; I go to my

God;" and many times with an audible voice uttered praise to her Redeemer.

A friend coming some miles to see her the morning before she died, asked her how she did? She answered, "I have had a hard night, but shall not have another such, for I shall die, and it will be well with my soul; and accordingly she died the next evening."

Who does not wish, when looking forward to the close of life, to "die the death of the righteous?" Who can help feeling solemnized, and longing for a holier, purer life, when reading an account of a death, so calm, so peaceful? Faith bears us aloft upon soaring pinions, and enables us to catch faint glimpses of the pearly gate, and of the "shining ones" who wait at the portal, to welcome the ransomed spirit to its everlasting home

"Sweet is the scene, when virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breath!

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies the wave along the shore.

"Triumphant smiles the victor-brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;
O Grave! where is thy victory now?
Invidious Death! where is thy sting?"

The greater part of the next two years, John Woolman spent in the service of the Master who had set him apart for the work. He travelled extensively through the New England States; also through Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Maryland, attending many of the meetings of Friends, in out-of-the-way places, where strangers seldom came, breaking the bread of life in their midst, to the refreshment of many, and appointing many meetings among those of other persuasions whereever Truth opened the way. Having accomplished this mission, he returned to his home, bearing witness that the Angel of the Lord's presence had gone with him, as of old with the chosen Shepherd, who had led his people through the wilderness of Sinai to the very borders of the Promised Land; and he could testify that "the Lord is indeed a strong hold in the day of trouble."

About this time, believing it "best for him to settle," and knowing that a good wife, like all other good things, is from the Lord, he fervently desired in spirit that the Good Father, who had bestowed upon him so many blessings, would add

this crowning gift, and would bestow upon him a helpmeet indeed—one who would walk hand in hand with him, in adversity as well as in prosperity; one who had learned as he had in the School of Christ, and who would, therefore, be both able and willing to bear the "burden of the word of the Lord," that thus they might take sweet counsel together, and be to each other a strong staff for the weary to lean upon. Of his marriage he quaintly remarks, "the Lord was pleased to give me a well-inclined damsel, Sarah Ellis, to whom I was married the 18th day of the Eighth month, in the year 1749."

"I have always felt sorry," said Anna, "that John Woolman has said so little in his journal, concerning his marriage, and of the 'damsel' who became his wife; and who, from the testimony of others, was a faithful 'helpmeet' to him—sharing his sorrows, bearing his burdens, and ever seeking to strengthen his hands for the good work in which he was engaged. I have tried to find some account of his marriage for you, but except the mere mention of its taking place at the time and in the way appointed, I can give you no information, though no doubt it was conducted with great simplicity, and all unnecessary show and expense avoided. In fancy I can see the bride, in her plain Quaker

attire, in her dress of drab, or of lavender, or else of the hue of the dove, with her plain gauze cap, and her spotless white kerchief folded smoothly over her breast, as she takes her chosen husband by the hand, and solemnly vows to be 'faithful and loving unto him, till death.' No bridal veil covers her head, no orange-flowers give forth their rich scent; no pearls or precious stones adorn her robes; her only ornaments are a 'meek and quiet spirit.'"

"Dear Ruth," said Mary, "sister Anna's remarks have reminded me of the promise thou once gave me, to show me, at some convenient time, a curious marriage certificate, written I think by John Woolman, on the occasion of the marriage of a colored man, who regularly attended the meetings of Friends, and who gained the respect and good-will of all who knew him. Wilt thou not read it to us now, and tell us where thou found it?"

"This interesting document is in the hands of Anthony Sharp, a venerable friend, and a warm admirer of the character of John Woolman, who kindly consented that I should transcribe it for you. The paper, on which the certificate was written, is yellow with age, and the folds are worn through, but the clear, bold handwriting of John

Woolman, is as legible now as when it was first penned. I would gladly have given you a facsimile thereof, judging that you, as well as myself, like sometimes to turn away from the busy present, and hold communion with the silent past, while examining such a relic of the olden times—judging that even the quaint phraseology, and the cramped uncouth penmanship of many of the signatures, would have a charm for you. But as this is out of my power, I will read you my copy thereof, which I took great pains to transcribe verbatim, preserving not only the wording, but the orthography, of the original.

"Whereas William Boin a negro man now employed in the affairs of Moses Haines of Springfield who by an agreement with the said Moses Haines set forth in wrighting and signed expects to enjoy the full benefit of his Labour on the first —— day of the fourth month in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty five

And Dido a negro woman of late servant to Joseph Burr who now enjoys the full benefit of her labour Having for some time manifested an enclination to joyn in marriage with each other and On Enquiry no dificulty appearing in respects to marriage Engagements with any others They the Said William Boin and Dido on the third day of the fifth month in the year of our Lord one

thousand seven hundred and Sixty three, At a little meeting held in a Dwelling-house on that ocasion did publickly inform us the witnesses to this Instrument that they took each other as Husband and wife and mutually promised to use their best Endeavours through Divine assistance to be Faithfull and true to Each other untill Death Should Separate them And in Confirmation thereof have hereto Set their hands Witnesses present

Joseph Burr
Patience Haines by her order
John Woolman
Josiah White
Benjamin Jones
Thomas Antram
David Ridgway
Amey Strattan
Ann Brooks
Sarah Fenimore
Sarah Woolman
Daniel (last name torn)
Amey Antram

William Boin
Dido Boin
for negro Catherine mother to Dido for negro London her father in law
Hager
Daphea
George Jubetar
Cæsar Mony
Simes Bustill
Elizabeth Morton
Susannah Fenimore
Cathren Fenimore
Jeams hage

William Boin was Born the 17th Day of August 1769 A Bought 7 a clock in Night as Neare as we can tell.

Mary Boin was Born the 23 Day of May 1764 A Bought Ten a clock in the Night."

CHAPTER V.

"IN the year 1750," said sister Ruth, "John Woolman lost his excellent father, who died, after a short illness, in the 60th year of his age. His son bears this testimony to his sterling worth: 'In his lifetime he manifested much care for us, his children, that in our youth we might learn to fear the Lord; often endeavoring to imprint in our minds the true principles of virtue, and particularly to cherish in us a spirit of tenderness, not only towards poor people, but also towards all creatures, of which we had the command.'

"After my return from Carolina, in the year 1746, I made some observations on keeping slaves, which some time before his decease I showed him. He perused the manuscript, proposed a few alterations, and appeared well satisfied that I felt a concern on that account. In his last sickness, as I was watching with him one night, he being so spent that there was no expectation of his recovery, but had the perfect use of his understanding, he asked me concerning the manuscript, whether I expected soon to proceed to take the advice of

Friends in publishing it? And, after some conversation thereon, said, 'I have all along been deeply affected with the oppression of the poor negroes; and now at last my concern for them is as great as ever.' He made mention of his end, which he believed was now near, and signified that though he was sensible of many imperfections in the course of his life, yet his experience of the power of Truth, and of the love and goodness of God from time to time, even until now, was such, that he had no doubt but that in leaving this life, he should enter into one more happy.' The next day his sister Elizabeth came to see him, and told him of the decease of their sister Ann, who had died a few days before. He said, 'I reckon sister Ann was free to leave this world?' Elizabeth said she was. He then said, 'I also am free to leave it;' and being in great weakness of body, said, 'I hope I shall shortly go to rest.' He continued in a weighty frame of mind, and was sensible until near the last."

"How comforting to this gray-haired pilgrim," said Anna, "when standing as it were upon the top of Pisgah, and reviewing the threescore years of his journey, to be able to say, 'it is well;' and to look forward with happy assurance to the 'land beyond the River,' knowing that there is an inheritance reserved for him; and although Jordan's

swelling tide flows between, yet to be privileged to take to himself the consoling promise of the Lord to his people, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'"

Little Effie broke the silence by saying, "I thought thou told me that John Woolman was very much interested in the cause of the poor slave; did he not do anything towards the release of the oppressed? Did he not try to persuade their masters to set them at liberty; especially those slave-owners who were Friends? Thinking slavery so great a sin as he did, I do not see how he could feel satisfied to sit in meeting alongside of those who held slaves, without telling them how wrong it was."

"My dear Effie," responded her sister, "he doubtless bore witness, by precept as well as example, at all suitable times and places, against this great iniquity; but it is said there is a 'zeal without knowledge,' and some almost destroy the good they might do, by the improper means they make use of to accomplish the end. I cannot think, with some, that the *end* sanctifies the *means*. It seems to me, that he who would convince those around him of their sins, must be gentle and loving; willing to bear the cross; to *work* prayerfully and faithfully, and be willing, also, to do

what is far more difficult, to *wait*—to wait till the eyes of others are also anointed with the eye-salve that can enable them to see clearly, and to join with him, not only in condemning the wrong, and in removing it from their own households, but in persuading others to go and do likewise. Too many of the great reformers of all ages, from the days of Luther, that bright morning star which shone forth so brilliantly, illuminating the surrounding darkness, to the present time — too many, I say, have gone forth bearing, as it were, Truth and Right in one hand, and fire and sword in the other, threatening to consume and destroy all who would not enlist under their banner, and come up to the help of what *they* considered the Right. Too many of their most glorious achievements were sullied by bigotry and persecution, by slaughter and rapine; and although in the end much good resulted from them, yet, it seems to me, if these apostles had learned of the Saviour to be 'wise as serpents, and harmless as doves,' the same good effects might have been accomplished, in time, and a great amount of evil and suffering avoided. But John Woolman, following in the footsteps of the Great Teacher, learned of him to be meek and lowly — learned of him that Divine love which overcometh evil, and which enabled him to accomplish so great a work.

There is a case in point, dear Effie, which occurred shortly after the death of his father, which shows how strictly he adhered to what he believed to be right, and how fearlessly he bore his testimony against slavery; although, by so doing, he knew he should lose pecuniarily, and perhaps, incur the lasting resentment of those whom he felt called upon, in the fear of the Lord, to rebuke. He says, "About this time, a person, at some distance, lying sick, his brother came to me to write his will. I knew he had slaves; and asking his brother, was told he intended to leave them as slaves to his children. As writing is a profitable employment, and as offending sober people was disagreeable to my inclination, I was straightened in my mind; but as I looked to the Lord, he inclined my heart to his testimony. I told the man that I believed the practice of continuing slavery to this people was not right, and had a scruple in my mind against doing writings of that kind: that though many in our Society kept them as slaves, still I was not easy to be concerned in it; and desired to be excused from going to write the will. I spake to him in the fear of the Lord; and he made no reply to what I said, but went away; he also had some concern in the practice; and I thought he was displeased with me. In this case I had a fresh confirmation,

that acting contrary to present outward interest, from a motive of Divine love, and in regard to Truth and righteousness, and thereby incurring the resentments of people, opens the way to a treasure better than silver, and to a friendship exceeding the friendship of men."

His manuscript, or "Essay concerning Slavery," was also published about this time; so you perceive, my dear sisters, that both in word and act, he was faithful to his profession as a friend of the oppressed. He says, furthermore, "Scrupling to do writings, relative to keeping slaves, having been a means of sundry small trials to me, in which I have evidently felt my own will set aside, I think it good to mention a few of them. Tradesmen and retailers of goods, who depend on their business for a living, are naturally inclined to keep the good-will of their customers; nor is it a pleasant thing for young men to be under a necessity to question the judgment or honesty of elderly men, and more especially of such who have a fair reputation. Deep-rooted customs, though wrong, are not easily altered; but it is the duty of every one to be firm in that which they certainly know is right for them. A charitable, benevolent man, well acquainted with a negro, may I believe, under some circumstances, keep him in his family as a servant, on no other

motives than the negro's good; but man as man, knows not what shall be after him, nor hath he any assurance that his children will attain to that perfection in wisdom and goodness, necessary rightly to exercise such power. Hence it is clear to me, that I ought not to be the scribe where wills are drawn, in which some children are made absolute masters over others during life.

About this time an ancient man of good esteem in the neighborhood, came to my house to get his will written. He had young negroes; and I asked him privately, how he purposed to dispose of them? he told me; I then said, I cannot write thy will without breaking my own peace, and respectfully gave him my reasons for it. He signified that he had a choice that I should have written it; but as I could not do it consistent with my conscience, he did not desire it; and so he got it written by some other person. A few years after, there being great alterations in his family, he came again to get me to write his will; his negroes were yet young, and his son, to whom he intended to give them, since he first spoke to me, from being a libertine, had become a sober young man; and he supposed I would be free on that account to write it. We had much friendly talk on the subject, and then deferred it; a few days after, he came again, and directed their freedom;

and so I wrote his will. Near the time the last-mentioned Friend first spoke to me, a neighbor received a bad bruise in his body, and sent for me to bleed him; which being done, he desired me to write his will. I took notes; and amongst other things, he told me to which of his children he gave his young negro. I considered the pain and distress he was in, and knew not how it would end; so I wrote his will, save only that part concerning his slave, and carrying it to his bedside, read it to him; and then told him in a friendly way, that I could not write any instrument by which my fellow-creatures were made slaves, without bringing trouble on my mind. I let him know that I charged him nothing for what I had done; and desired to be excused from doing the other part, in the way he proposed: we then had a serious conference on the subject; and at length he agreeing to set him free, I finished his will."

"And not only at home," said Ruth, "but abroad, did he earnestly labor in the field appointed him, speaking both in public and private; seldom feeling excused from laboring in a friendly way with those who held slaves, in their behalf; expressing as way opened, the inconsistency of the practice, with the purity of the Christian religion, and the ill-effects of it manifested amongst us." Many on this account, particularly in the

South, where nearly all, Friends as well as others, held slaves, received him coldly, and felt little unity with his concern; the more especially as he did not feel free to accept their hospitality, when waited upon by slaves, unless he was permitted to offer them something by way of compensation for the increase of their toil his coming had made them; either by giving it to the master of the house for them, or by handing it to the slaves himself, as opportunity offered. His thus offering money for his entertainment to those who were wealthy, and gladly ministered to him, was often a great trial, both to himself and his entertainers. It was also very humbling thus to have to bear his testimony publicly against this iniquity, and to have the mark of singularity set upon him; for he alone seemed called upon to exhort the people to "put away the accursed thing" from among them — thus differing publicly from those who were much older than he, and who, as well as himself, had received the anointing from above, and the high charge, "go speak to my people the words of eternal life;" yet none of these laborers, though they were in the same gospel-field, seemed to sympathize with him in this concern, or to feel disquieted with the state of affairs in the churches. And before he was willing to utter what he well knew to be displeasing to many; to stand, as it

were, alone in the assemblies of the people, he had to endure great distress of mind, and to submit to many deep baptisms — and like the prophet, Jeremiah, when sent with messages disagreeable to the Jews, and bidden to do things which they held in abhorrence, till he became the object of their reproach, and was ready to desist from his prophetic office, so John Woolman was ready to shrink from what was required of him, saying, "Who is able for all this?" But with the prophet he could say the "word of the Lord was in my breast, as a burning fire shut up in my bones; and I was weary with forbearing, and could not stay." And at length fully convinced that this sacrifice of his own will was required at his hand, he was made willing to bear any message to the people, that should be given him from on high. He was greatly strengthened in the belief that he was in the right way, by a remarkable vision which he saw, and which I will relate to you in his own words. "While engaged in visiting families," says he, "I lodged at a Friend's house in Burlington, and going to bed about the usual time with me, I awoke in the night, and my meditations, as I lay, were on the goodness and mercy of the Lord, in a sense whereof my heart was contrite. After this I went to sleep again, and sleeping a short time, I awoke; it was yet

dark, and no appearance of day or moonshine; and as I opened mine eyes, I saw a light in my chamber, at the apparent distance of five feet, about nine inches in diameter, of a clear, easy brightness, and near its centre the most radiant. As I lay still, without any surprise looking upon it, words were spoken to my inward ear which filled my whole inner man; they were not the effect of thought, nor any conclusion in relation to the appearance, but as the language of the Holy One spoken in my mind; the words were Certain Evidence of Divine Truth; and were again repeated exactly in the same manner; whereupon the light disappeared."

Until the year 1756, John Woolman had continued to "retail goods," besides following his trade as a tailor. He commenced with selling trimmings for garments, and then advanced to selling cloths, linens, &c., always taking care not to purchase any fancy articles, only keeping on hand such things as were really useful. His natural inclination was "towards merchandizing," and having at length a good stock on hand, and his business increasing every year, he was in a fair way to carry on an extensive trade. But he had learned, long ere this, to be content with little, and dreading the cumber and anxiety of an extensive concern, and the entanglements it might

lead him into — believing that the Lord required him to take up the cross to his natural inclination, and keep himself free from outward engagements, he gradually lessened them; gave his customers notice of his intention to quit the business, that they might make arrangements to trade elsewhere, and at last, wholly giving up merchandize, depended for a living upon his trade, carried on in a simple, unpretending manner, not even having an apprentice to assist him. He planted a nursery, and spent much time in tending the young trees — for while his hands were busy with this peaceful occupation, his thoughts were free to wander unconfined; to ponder upon the wisdom and goodness displayed in all the works of nature by which he was surrounded; to see the handiwork of the Good Father in the budding trees and fragrant flowers; and to behold his footsteps upon the old rocks where the gray lichen lovingly clings.

Released from the cares of business, like the patriarch of old, he could go forth into the fields at eventide to meditate, and was ready to carry the gospel-message wherever the Master pointed the way. Even while engaged in merchandize, he was careful to do as he would be done by, often advising the poor not to run into debt, or to get things they could do without, although by this advice he sold fewer goods; for it was the custom

where he lived, to "sell mostly on credit, and poor people often got in debt; and when payment is expected, not having wherewith to pay, their creditors often sue for it at law." While in the store he could not help seeing, that the custom of wearing costly apparel, and the frequent use of spirituous liquors, many times led people into great difficulty; they involved themselves in debt, and sometimes had recourse to dishonorable practices to free themselves from this heavy yoke that bowed them to the earth. These things troubled this good man; he felt concerned to advise Friends to live in simplicity, both as regards the furnishing of their houses, and their apparel; and he was particularly concerned to discourage the frequent and immoderate use of strong drink, knowing it to be a snare to catch the feet of the unwary, and lead them down into the depths of degradation and misery.

"Dear sister," said the gentle Anna, "as I have listened to thy words to-night, and entered, in my small measure, into sympathy with John Woolman in his tried and lonely condition, when he was ready to cry out with the prophet, 'If thou deal thus with me, kill me I pray thee, if I have found favor in thy sight,' I have been reminded of Elijah, who, when fleeing from Ahab's wicked queen, came to Horeb, the mount of God, lamenting that the

Lord's prophets were all slain, and that he alone was left alive. And yet, when journeying solitary, faint and wayworn, he threw himself down 'neath the juniper tree, praying that he too might die, there the angel gave him food, and pressed the healing cup to his parched lips, so that strengthened and refreshed, he again took up his staff, and went on his way to Horeb, there to hear the comforting language that there were yet seven thousand who had not 'bowed the knee to the image of Baal.' Those only who bear the cross can win the crown." As she paused, her sister followed out her thought, by repeating, as if to herself, an exquisitely beautiful paragraph from the "Golden Treasury:" Stars shine brightest in the darkest night; torches are better for heating; grapes come not to the proof till they come to the press; spices smell best when bruised; young trees root the faster for shaking; gold looks brighter for scouring; juniper smells sweetest in the fire; the palm-tree proves the better for pressing; chamomile, the more you tread it, the more you spread it; and grace that is hid in nature, as sweet water in rose-leaves, is most fragrant when the fire of affliction is distilling it."

CHAPTER VI.

"COME, dear sister," said little Willie, as he drew his sister's chair to the table, and arranged her footstool to her liking; "I am so anxious to hear more concerning John Woolman's travels in the South. I am so glad he took so much money with him, and paid the poor slaves for waiting on him; they must have been very glad of his coming, for no doubt he spoke to them very kindly, as well as gave them money. I don't suppose they often have much money of their own, not enough to buy any good things to eat, or even to purchase toys for their little ones; how sorry I do feel for the children. I wonder if the little slave-boys ever have any skates or sleds to play with in the winter, when the rivers are frozen over, or any balls or marbles — how I wish I could give them some of mine."

"Dear Ruth," said Effie, "dost thou suppose John Woolman ever told the slaves to run away from their masters, or suggested how much happier they would be at the North than at the South? Did they have any underground railroads then?"

"I cannot say positively, Effie; but judging from what we know of his life and conversation, he no doubt acted discreetly — going to the masters and pleading with them to liberate their slaves; showing them that, in keeping them in bondage, they were transgressing the law of the Lord, and preparing for their posterity many and terrible evils. And while he commiserated the condition of the slave, and his heart burned within him when he thought of his wrongs, yet he knew, even if he persuaded a few to run away, it would not affect the condition of the mass, nor alleviate their sorrows, and indeed might add to them by sowing the seeds of distrust in the minds of the masters, so that strangers would have no opportunity given them to speak the few words of counsel, of encouragement, of sympathy, which they now might safely do. I have read somewhere of Warner Mifflin, I think it was, becoming very much interested in a slave, and greatly desiring his liberation. After using every exertion in his power to free him, pleading with the owner to no purpose, in his last interview he requested the liberty of a few minutes private conversation with the slave. The request was granted, but the master, curious to know what he would say to him, and fearing that he would urge him to run away, stationed himself, unknown to any one, where he

could overhear the conversation. To his great surprise, the Friend expressed his deep regret that his efforts had been in vain, that his most eloquent pleading had not availed to touch his master's heart. He encouraged him to be faithful to his employer, to perform cheerfully and faithfully all the tasks allotted him, not as an 'eye-servant, but as in the sight of God,' to hold fast his faith and trust — and though the yoke of servitude might never be broken, yet even he might receive the welcome plaudit of 'well done;' and for the cross he had borne in this life, he should receive a glorious crown in the life to come.' The master was so deeply touched by the Christian spirit, the charity and forbearance manifested toward him by the Friend, that his persuasions and reasonings, which before had little weight, now like the spear of Ithuriel, struck home, softening his heart, and disposing him to be merciful. If my memory serves me truly, the master set his slave at liberty, and master, slave, and friend were united in the bonds of kindly feeling, which continued uninterrupted through many years."

Love, Christian love, is the key that unlocks the hardest hearts; if love cannot effect an entrance, be sure that hatred and unkindness cannot.

But to return to the journeyings of John Wool-

man in the South; we find that his way seemed to lead over the hills of Difficulty — so much opposition, uncharitableness, and unkindness did he meet with, even from members of his own society. As in the present day, many of those who held slaves, blinded by the love of gain, advocated their right to hold them; arguing that the "negroes were understood to be the offspring of Cain, their blackness being the mark God set upon him after he murdered Abel, his brother, and that it was the design of Providence they should be slaves, as a condition proper to the race of so wicked a man as Cain was;" and much more to the same purpose. To which John Woolman replied in substance as follows, "Noah and his family were all who survived the flood, according to Scripture; and as Noah was of Seth's race, the family of Cain was wholly destroyed." One of them said, that "After the flood, Ham went to the Land of Nod, and took a wife; that Nod was a land far distant, inhabited by Cain's race, and that the flood did not reach it; and as Ham was sentenced to be a servant of servants to his brethren, these two families, joined thus, were undoubtedly fit only for slaves." John Woolman replied, "The flood was a judgment upon the world for their abominations; and it was granted that Cain's stock was the most wicked, and therefore unreason-

able to suppose they were spared: as to Ham's going to the Land of Nod for a wife, no time being fixed, Nod might be inhabited by some of Noah's family, before Ham married a second time;" moreover the text saith, "That all flesh died that moved upon the earth." He further reminded them, that the prophets repeatedly declare, that the "son shall not suffer for the iniquity of the father; but every one be answerable for his own sins." He was greatly troubled to perceive the darkness of their imaginations, and, in "some pressure of spirit," said, the "love of ease and gain are the motives, in general, of keeping slaves, and men are wont to take hold of weak arguments to support a cause which is unreasonable. I have no interest on either side, save only the interest which I desire to have in the Truth; and as I believe liberty is their right, and see they are not only deprived of it, but treated in other respects with inhumanity in many places, I believe He who is a refuge for the oppressed will, in His own time, plead their cause; and happy will it be for such who walk in uprightness before him."

John Woolman was greatly shocked, while travelling through the Southern States, with the scanty food and clothing allowed to the slaves, and the severity with which they were treated — first

setting them hard tasks, and then punishing them for the non-performance of these tasks. Not he alone, but some who resided in the neighborhood, felt bound to bear their testimony against oppression. He relates the following anecdote of a Mennonist at Monallen. (The Mennonists were a religious society among the Dutch.) "This man having an acquaintance with a man of another society at a considerable distance, and being with his wagon on business near the house of said acquaintance, and night coming on, he had thought of putting up with him; but passing by his fields, and observing the distressed appearance of his slaves, he kindled a fire in the woods hard by, and lay there that night. His acquaintance hearing where he lodged, and afterward meeting the Mennonist, told him of it; adding, he should have been heartily welcome at his house; and, from their acquaintance in former time, he wondered at his conduct in that case. The Mennonist replied, 'Ever since I lodged by thy fields, I have wanted an opportunity to speak with thee. I intended to come to thy house for entertainment, but seeing thy slaves at their work, and observing the manner of their dress, I had no liking to come to partake with thee.' He then admonished him to use them with more humanity; and added, 'As I lay by the fire that night, I

thought that, as I was a man of substance, thou wouldst have received me freely; but if I had been as poor as one of thy slaves, and had no power to help myself, I should have received from thy hand no kinder usage than they."

About this time (1757), John Woolman was greatly exercised concerning paying the taxes levied for carrying on the war. Many good and upright men, both in England and America, among Friends, men whom he had long regarded as fathers in the church, believed it right to pay these taxes, as they were levied by the government, whose authority, as good and order-loving citizens, they were bound to respect. He had many conversations with noted Friends on the subject, who all favored the payment of these taxes; reminding him of the Saviour's words, "Render to Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and to God the things that be God's." And though many of these, his advisers, he "preferred before himself," yet it did not seem to him that their example was a sufficient reason for him to do so, when he believed the Spirit of Truth required of him, as an individual, to suffer patiently the spoiling of his goods, rather than to pay these taxes, and thus indirectly aid in carrying on the war. It was a source of deep regret to him, that he was compelled so frequently

to differ from his friends, those, too, who were far before him, both in age and experience; but he was comforted by remembering, that the Master sets apart many fields of labor; and diverse too, the labor in the same field; and these may have had some other testimony to bear, which was not laid upon him; they could not perform his appointed work, nor he theirs. He remembered, too, that the "holy monk of Kempen" lived and died, a firm believer in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, preaching, both by word and deed, the necessity of looking beyond forms and ceremonies, which are but types and shadows, and coming to the inward spiritual religion which alone can save the soul; saying to the people, as the Messiah said to the woman of Samaria, "Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father; but the true worshippers shall worship him in spirit and in truth." Many sad hearts have been comforted by the perusal of his holy thoughts; many who went on their way, weary, and ready to faint, because of the heaviness of their burden, and the toilsomeness of their pilgrimage, have been strengthened by his words, to take the cross again upon their shoulders, and go on their way rejoicing — convinced that the only royal road to Heaven is the "way of the cross."

On the other hand, for protesting against some of these same doctrines, in which Kempis found satisfaction, John Huss, also a great and upright man, without the gates of stately Constance, bore the martyr's suffering and shame, and won the martyr's crown.

"If every one," remarked their sister Anna, "possessed that holy charity which so eminently distinguished John Woolman, instead of watching our brother to see that he is busy, and saying, 'What shall this man do?' we should be intent upon doing our own work, and cultivating diligently that corner of the Lord's vineyard in which we have been commanded to labor; leaving it to the Great Husbandman to hire other laborers, at the third, or the ninth, or the eleventh hour, even as it seems good to Him. Both a Kempis and a Huss might have found room in the world to do great good; and though they, and many other conscientious and well-intentioned ones of those days of darkness and bigotry, differed as regards minor points of doctrine, yet giving each other the right hand of fellowship, they might have taken their separate ways, as the two great apostles of the Jews and the Gentiles did, both following in the footsteps of the Saviour, and intent upon doing his work, as it had been revealed to each. Instead of the sensitive spirit of one being deeply pained

by the dissensions and persecution which he lamented yet could not hinder, and the other, ere yet his day had scarce reached the noon-tide—ere his work was scarce begun, numbered among the dead; they might both have lived to a good old age, crowned with honor, and happy in the blessed assurance that they 'had fought the good fight, they had kept the faith,' and hence there was laid up for them a 'crown of life.' All the sectarian feeling and hatred that erected the stake and kindled the fagot in the dark days of persecution that we shudder to think of, would have been avoided. May the mantle of holy charity which covered John Woolman as a garment, fall upon our shoulders, so that we may be preserved from thinking evil of our fellows, and condemning utterly those who may not see with us."

"Committees from the different meetings," resumed sister Ruth, "met at Philadelphia, to consider the expediency of paying these taxes, and of employing substitutes in the place of those who were drafted. The calamities of war were now increasing; the frontier inhabitants of Pennsylvania were frequently surprised, some slain, and many taken captive by the Indians; and while these committees were sitting, the corpse of one so slain was brought in a wagon and taken through the streets of the city in his bloody garments, to

alarm the people and rouse them up to war. To refuse to pay taxes at such a time, or to seem unwilling to do anything towards equipping and providing things necessary to the comfort of those who went forth, as it were, with their lives in their hand, to defend their cities from the attacks of the Indians, to protect their wives and children from the scalping-knife of the pitiless savages, might easily be construed into an act of disloyalty; and though many of the officers respected these scruples of conscience in those whose lives had been consistent with their profession, yet some of the Friends suffered severely, being fined, and their goods, which were often sold at a great sacrifice, taken to pay this fine; and, what was still more trying, some were thrown into prison. John Woolman, in reference to this, says, 'Officers who in great anxiety are endeavoring to get troops to answer the demands of their superiors, seeing men, who are insincere, pretend a scruple of conscience, in hopes of being excused from a dangerous employment, are likely to handle them roughly. In this time of commotion, some of our young men left the parts and travelled abroad till it was over; some came and proposed to go as soldiers; others appeared to have a real tender scruple in their minds against joining in wars, and were much humbled under the apprehension of a trial

so near. I had conversation with several of these to my satisfaction."

"At the set time, when the captain came to town, some of those last-mentioned went and told him in substance as follows: 'That they could not bear arms for conscience'-sake, nor could they hire any to go in their places, being resigned as to the event of it. At length the captain acquainted them all that they might return home for the present, and required them to provide themselves as soldiers, and to be in readiness to march when called upon. This was such a time as I had not seen before; and yet I may say with thankfulness to the Lord, that I believed this trial was intended for our good; and I was favored with resignation to him. The French army having taken the fort they were besieging, destroyed it and went away; the company of men first drafted, after some days' march, had orders to return home; and those on the second draft were no more called upon on that occasion.' He says furthermore, 'On the 4th day of the 4th month, in the year 1758, orders came to some officers in Mount Holly to prepare quarters for a short time for about one hundred soldiers; an officer and two other men, all inhabitants of our town, came to my house, and the officer told me that he came to speak with me to provide lodging and entertainment for two soldiers, there

being six shillings a week per man allowed as pay for it. The case being new and unexpected, I made no answer suddenly, but sat a time silent, my mind being turned inward. I was fully convinced that the proceedings in war are inconsistent with the purity of the Christian religion; and to be hired to entertain men who were then under pay as soldiers, was a difficulty with me. I expected they had legal authority for what they did, and after a short time I said to the officer, if the men are sent here for entertainment, I believe I shall not refuse to admit them into my house; but the nature of the case is such, that I expect I cannot keep them on hire. One of the men intimated that he thought I might do it consistently with my religious principles; to which I made no reply, believing silence at that time best for me. Though they spoke of two, there came only one, who tarried at my house about two weeks, and behaved himself civilly; and when the officer came to pay me, I told him I could not take pay for it, having admitted him into my house in passive obedience to authority. I was on horseback when he spoke to me, and as I turned from him, he said he was obliged to me; to which I said nothing—but thinking on the expression, I grew uneasy; and afterwards, being near where he lived, I went and told him on what grounds I refused taking pay for keeping the soldier."

CHAPTER VII.

"DEAR sister," said little Willie, "I thought thou told me the other day, that the Indians in Pennsylvania loved William Penn, and called him father Onas; and that they were very kind to the white people, and brought them meat when they killed a deer, and shared with them their corn, beans, &c., and helped them to build their houses; and that, because William Penn bought their lands of them, there was no war there as in the other colonies."

"For many years, dear Willie," said Ruth, "the white people and the Indians both observed the treaty made by Penn; peace and harmony were preserved unbroken, the Indians coming and going unmolested, entering the dwellings of the white people at night when hungry, and getting for themselves something to eat, without disturbing the family, and expecting them to come into their wigwams and use the same freedom. For many years the tomahawk was buried, and the war-cry was unheard in their borders. But at length ambitious men obtaining the rule, they departed

from the wise policy of Penn—they violated the solemn treaties that had been made with them; drove them from their hunting-grounds; sold the terrible 'fire-water' to the red-man; till in time the spirit of hatred was aroused; they formed secret plans for attacking the different settlements of the white people, at the same time, throughout the colony — intending to fall upon them in the dead of night, when they were unarmed, not thinking of danger, and thus to exterminate the whole race. They painted their faces, and shouted their war-cry; and so great was their thirst for blood, that they seemed more like demons let loose to ravage and destroy, than like human beings. They killed the inhabitants even in the land of Penn, scalping men, women, and children; sparing neither youth nor maiden, the infant nor the hoary-headed sire who had lived his three-score years. They drove away their cattle, and set their dwellings on fire, so that many of those who escaped from the battle-axes of these fierce warriors perished with cold and hunger. Their anger and revenge were terrible, but their wrongs were great; the forests where they once roamed uncontrolled, are now clothed with 'waving fields of ripened grain;' the streams where their canoes once noiselessly glided, are now covered with the merchant-ships of almost every nation. Their wigwams are

consumed; their council-fires are extinguished to be rekindled no more; the ploughshare has upturned the sod where the ashes of their warriors repose. The pale-face inhabits the land of their fathers; and the feeble remnant of a once proud and noble race are driven beyond the Father of Waters, towards the land of the setting sun. My heart aches when I think of their wrongs, and the tear-drops dim my eye, as I listen to their plaintive lamentations."

The silence that succeeded was broken by Effie's repeating in low, earnest tones, a poem which she had a few weeks before committed to memory. It was called

THE INDIAN'S LAMENT.

When the day was just departing,
And the twilight hour was near,
Came a wail that seemed a death-chant
As it fell upon my ear.

As I listened, in the distance
Heard I thus the sounds of wo,
Wafted by the gentle night-breeze,
Coming to me soft and low:

"I have come from afar where the Iowa flows,
And I stand by the graves where my fathers repose,
Tis a lone shady spot in the flowery glen,
Afar from the haunts and the footsteps of men.

"I have longed once again, ere I sink to my rest,
To behold the loved spot that my childish feet pressed;
To revisit the land that I once called my home,
Where my brothers were with me accustomed to roam.

"I have found the dear spot, the same flowery lea-
And the chirp of the cricket, the hum of the bee,
And the song of the lark as it greeteth the sun,
Fall as sweet on my ear as they ever have done.

"The leaves are as green, and the flowers as fair,
And my cheek is still fanned by the same balmy air,
As in days long gone by, when my mother, with joy,
Welcomed home at the gloaming, her wild, fearless boy.

"But no more shall I stand in the old cabin-door,
Nor rest my tired limbs on its rude, earthen floor
To the pitiless flames it hath fallen a prey,
And the rude winds have swept e'en the ashes away.

"In the greenwood, where once we pursued the wild deer,
The shout of the hunter no more greets the ear;
But the wheat-fields there wave with the ripening grain,
And the sweet-scented clover perfumes all the plain.

"In these glens, ere the ploughshare had upturned the sod,
When the red-man was lord of the soil which he trod—

Round their council-fires gathered, our wise men and brave,
War and Peace here discussed—sought their nation to save.

"But alas! they are gone—and I only remain,
Of a people who once from the field of the slain,
Came exultingly home, always victors in war,
Till the dread of our name through the land reached afar.

"But the bow is unbent, the spear broken in twain,
And our fires are extinguished, to burn not again;
By the sword of the white-man our warriors fell,
And their bones strewed the ground, like the leaves in the dell.

"Like the oak of the mountain, once proudly I stood,
Defying the tempest, unmoved by the flood;
Now, an old withered tree, standing branchless and bare,
Not a scion is left me, nor floweret fair.

"There are none for my pain and my sorrow to feel—
There is no healing balsam, my sick heart to heal;
I have sung my own Requiem, all weary, forlorn,—
For the soul of the red-man will pass with the morn!"

When the laborers from the village
Early took their lonely way,
In the leafy glen secluded,
Lo! the dying Indian lay.

Death had come, a kindly angel,
Opened wide the prison door,
Loosed the cords, to earth, that bound him—
All his toil and grief were o'er!

"It is wonderful," said Mary, "that among all the good men and women living in those days, none were found to stand forth as fellow-helpers of John Woolman; that there were none whose eyes were opened to see the iniquity of slavery, and who were ready to labor with him for the release of the oppressed, and the doing away of the terrible traffic in flesh and blood, at least within their own borders. I wonder that he did not become discouraged at having to labor alone in the field which he saw was 'white to the harvest,' yet where no man seemed ready to thrust in his sickle with him; not even ready to follow after and bind up the sheaves. It is wonderful that his feet did not stumble over the obstructions that lay hidden in his path — that his faith did not fail him, so as to lead him seriously to doubt whether he was indeed accomplishing the work appointed him; whether he had not been too zealous, and like Ahimaaz of old, he had run before he was sent, and therefore the 'tidings' which he bore were of little account."

"Dear Mary," said Anna, "although his bro-

thers and sisters in the ministry did not always give him the right hand of fellowship, and though for many years, there was, as thou hast said, no one to labor with him, no one ready to follow where he led, yet, like Nicodemus of old, many secretly believed with him, though interest, and the fear of being thought 'singular,' kept back some for a time; yet, at length, many did join him, and became his zealous co-laborers and helpers in the great work. It has been the lot, not only of a Woolman and a Wilberforce, to labor alone for a season—but even the great law-giver of the Israelites went alone up into the mountain, where the tables of stone were given him. No doubt these all had their seasons of discouragement, when the flesh was weak, and when in view of the reproach, the persecution, they met with, they were ready to take up the sorrowful refrain: 'Behold I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away.' No doubt the angel of the Lord came to all these in the wilderness, and bade them 'rise and eat' of the food from Heaven, and thus strengthened them for their journey to Horeb the mount of God."

"After so many years of patient labor," resumed their sister Ruth, "he was richly rewarded by seeing many of his friends enter the same field,

so that instead of the lamentation that there 'was no one to thrust in the sickle with him, nor to bind up the sheaves after the reapers,' he could sing a song of thanksgiving and high praises to Him who had sent forth laborers into the harvest-field. For, in the summer of 1758, the 'monthly meeting of Philadelphia, having been under a concern on account of some Friends who had bought negro slaves, the said meeting moved it to their Quarterly meeting, to have the minutes re-considered in their Yearly meeting.' 'In this Yearly meeting,' says John Woolman, 'several weighty matters were considered; and towards the last, that in relation to dealing with persons who purchase slaves. The case of slave-keeping lay heavy upon me—nor did I find any engagement to speak directly to any other matter before the meeting. When this case was opened, several faithful friends spoke weightily thereto, with which I was comforted; and feeling a concern to cast in my mite, I said in substance as follows:—In the difficulties attending us in this life, nothing is more precious than the mind of Truth inwardly manifested; and it is my earnest desire that in this weighty matter we may be so truly humbled as to be favored with a clear understanding of the mind of Truth and follow it; this would be of more advantage to the Society than any medium

not in the clearness of Divine wisdom. The case is difficult to some who have slaves, but if such set aside all self-interest, and come to be weaned from the desire of getting estates, or even from holding them together, when Truth requires the contrary, I believe a way will open that they will know how to steer through those difficulties. Many Friends appeared to be deeply bowed under the weight of the work, and manifested much firmness in their love to the cause of Truth and universal righteousness on the earth. Though none openly justified the practice of slave-keeping in general, yet some appeared concerned lest the meeting should go into such measures as might give uneasiness to many brethren; alleging that if Friends patiently continued under the exercise, the Lord, in time to come, might open a way for the deliverance of these people. Several Friends who had negroes expressed a desire that a rule might be made to deal with such Friends, as offenders, who bought slaves in future. To this it was answered, that the root of this evil would never be effectually struck at, until a thorough search was made into the circumstances of such Friends who kept negroes, with respect to the righteousness of their motives in keeping them, that impartial justice might be administered through-

out. In conclusion, in compliance with the wishes of several weighty Friends, a committee was appointed to visit all the families wherein slaves were kept."

For some months John Woolman spent most of his time in visiting the Friends belonging to Philadelphia Yearly meeting, who kept slaves, going, when opportunity offered, with some of the committee regularly appointed to that service, among whom were Daniel Stanton, John Scarborough, John Churchman, and others—at other times going alone. In the Fourth month, 1760, in company with his 'beloved friend Samuel Eastburn,' he set out on a religious visit to the Friends in Long Island, Boston, Newport, &c. Very few were the facilities for travel in those days, compared with the present—and what would be now but a pleasure-trip, was then a serious undertaking. He says, "We crossed from the east end of Long Island to New London, about thirty miles, in a large open boat; while we were out, the wind rising high, the waves several times beat over us, and to me it appeared dangerous; but my mind was at that time turned to Him who made and governs the deep, and my life was resigned to Him; and as he was mercifully pleased to preserve us, I had fresh occasion to consider every

day as a day lent to me; and felt a renewed engagement to devote my time and all I had to Him who gave it." While at Newport, attending the Yearly meeting there, he was greatly troubled by a report that reached him, that a "large number of slaves had been imported from Africa to that town, and were then on sale by a member of the Society of Friends."

He was brought into deep exercise of spirit on account of this trade with the natives of the coast of Guinea, and way not opening to visit, in person, the Assembly for the colony which was then in session, he prepared an essay on the subject, which was read in the Yearly meeting, approved of by many Friends, and signed by several of them, not as a Yearly meeting's committee, or by the authority of the Yearly meeting, but as they individually felt disposed so to do. In speaking of their visit to Nantucket, he says, "I observed many shoals in the bay, which make sailing more dangerous, especially in stormy nights; also, that a great shoal, which encloses their harbor, prevents their going in with sloops, except when the tide is up. Waiting without this shoal for the rising of the tide is sometimes hazardous in storms; waiting within, they sometimes miss a fair wind. I took notice that on this small island was

a great number of inhabitants, and the soil not very fertile—the timber so gone, that for vessels, fences, and firewood, they depend chiefly on the buying from the main; to answer the cost whereof, with most of their other expenses, they depend principally upon the whale-fishery. I considered that as towns grew larger, and lands near navigable waters were more cleared, it would require more labor to get timber and wood. I understood that the whales being much hunted, and sometimes wounded and not killed, grew more shy and difficult to come at. I considered that the formation of the earth, the seas, the islands, bays and rivers, the motion of the winds and great waters which cause bars and shoals in particular places, were all the works of Him who is perfect wisdom and goodness; and as people attend to his heavenly instruction, and put their trust in Him, He provides for them in all parts where He gives them a being."

"I have been particularly struck," said Anna, "with one peculiarity of John Woolman's writings. Taking some comparatively trivial subject, some circumstance, that many would pass by unheeded, following out the train of thought—paraphrasing it, as it were—he goes onward and onward, in an ever-enlarging circle, till at length he reaches the Throne of God, and leads his readers with him, to

see the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty, displayed even in the meanest and most insignificant things of his wonderful creation. Involuntarily when reading his 'contemplations,' the beautiful words of the poet have come to my recollection :—

"Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan,
And form to his, the relish of their souls."

CHAPTER VIII.

"I HAVE heard," said Effie, "that John Woolman was a very singular looking man; at least that he dressed very singularly, never wearing any colored clothes; I mean those that are artificially dyed, but having them all of the natural color of the material of which they were made. I do not wonder so much at his wearing a hat of the natural color of the fur, for that would be pretty, and not very odd-looking; but to wear a coat made of the wool of a black sheep even, must have been very homely, to say the least; and I should think it would have put the people to considerable inconvenience to prepare a certain kind of cloth especially for him. I do not see what his motive could have been for such singularity, or why he was any better for dressing so differently from other people. Hundreds of other good and upright men have lived, who were real benefactors to their race, and who were intent upon doing the Father's work, and yet did not think it wrong to dress somewhat after the fashion of the day. Even George Fox

and William Penn, though they protested against fashionable follies and extravagance, and insisted upon simplicity in attire, as well as in speech, did not affect a singularity in dress; for their broad brims, and long, straight coats, I have read, were worn not only by them, but by all the sober, staid class of people of that age. Now, if, in order to procure colored clothing, he had been dependent upon the labor of the slave, I could see some reason for it; but when he could have the cloth made and dyed at home, I cannot see what great harm could arise from wearing colored garments, or what great good it could do to be so singular."

"My dear Effie," responded Ruth, "John Woolman's heart was filled with compassion, as he looked abroad in the world, and considered how many must toil to supply the luxuries which numbers of the wealthy and fashionable indulged in; how few of these poor laborers received a reasonable compensation for their toil, working ceaselessly day after day, and year after year, during the whole of their short lives, to earn a scanty pittance, just sufficient to keep soul and body together—and he longed to do something to ameliorate their condition. And as Friends, in the large cities, especially, extended their business and amassed wealth, too many of them fell, little by little, into this luxury and extravagance, departing from the sim-

plicity which once distinguished them as a society.

And I do not wonder that John Woolman, sensitive as he was to all kinds of suffering, given to contemplation, and to looking afar off to the ulterior consequences of things, should feel called upon to preach loudly by example, as well as by precept, against what he considered vain and hurtful indulgences. I too, dear Effie, have sometimes wondered, why he needed to be quite so singular in his apparel, why he could not wear colored stuffs, dyed with the bark of the trees from our own forests, which could have been procured with little trouble and expense. But as among the Israelites, the fairest of the flocks, and the finest of the fruits were offered in sacrifice — and that which cost nothing was not accepted; so perhaps only by offering up his own will a sacrifice to the Highest — only by taking up a heavy cross, could he feel that he was walking in the way appointed, and doing the will of the Father.

And this conversation has reminded me of the prophet by the river Chebar, who was commanded to make no lamentation for the dead, though the "desire of his eyes" should be taken away; neither "to mourn nor weep; to bind the tire upon his head; to put his shoes upon his feet; to cover not his lips; nor to eat the bread of men." All

this was in such direct opposition to the ceremonious mourning of the Jews for their dead, that methinks I can see them coming to him, full of wonder and astonishment, and can hear their earnest request, "Wilt thou not tell us what these things are to us, that thou doest so?"

Many of the counsels of the Almighty, dear Effie, seem strange to our limited vision; we cannot see why such strange things are required of us, or what good can possibly result from them; but it is not for finite man to reason; but holding fast our faith and hope, simply to obey the revealed will of the Lord, and follow the pointings of his Divine finger. And that this peculiarity of dress, in John Woolman's case, was in obedience to what he believed to be the Divine will, we have abundant evidence, for the change in his dress, was followed, to use his own words, by "great peace of mind," and a more entire devotion to the work of the ministry. For about this time (1763) he set forth on a religious visit to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania; and though upon his arrival in Philadelphia, he learned that the "Indians were again carrying on hostilities against the whites; that they had taken a fort from the English in the western part of the state; and, that they had slain and scalped the English in many places, some even near Pittsburg;" so that the journey seemed

a very perilous one, there being every probability of their being slain or taken captive, yet believing that there the path of duty lay; having his "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; taking the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God;" he set his face toward the wilderness, ready to welcome either life or death. Of the hardships he and his companions endured, of the perils they encountered, and of their interviews with the Indians, he has left on record some very interesting descriptions. They crossed the Lehigh river in a canoe. Here they met an Indian, and "had some friendly conversation with him, and gave him some biscuit;" and he having killed a deer, gave the Indians, who were with them as guides, a portion of it, and parted from him in a very friendly manner. "After travelling some miles," remarks John Woolman, "we met several Indian men and women, with a cow and horse, and some household goods, who were lately come from their dwelling at Wyoming, and going to settle in another place; we made them some small presents, and some of them understanding English, I told them my motive in coming into their country — with which they appeared satisfied. One of our guides talking awhile with an ancient woman, concerning us, the poor old woman came to my companion and

me, and took her leave of us, with an appearance of sincere affection. So going on we pitched our tent near the banks of the same river, having labored hard in crossing some of those mountains, called the Blue Ridge; and by the roughness of the stones, and the cavities between them, and the steepness of the hills, it appeared dangerous; but we were preserved in safety through the kindness of Him, whose works in those mountainous deserts appeared awful; toward whom my heart was turned during this day's travel. Near our tent, on the sides of large trees peeled for that purpose, were various representations of men going to and returning from the wars, and of some killed in battle. This being a path heretofore used by warriors; and as I walked about viewing those Indian histories, which were painted, mostly in red, but some in black, and thinking on the innumerable afflictions which the proud, fierce spirit produceth in the world; thinking on the toils and fatigues of warriors travelling over mountains and deserts; thinking on their miseries and distresses when wounded far from home by their enemies; and of their bruises and great weariness in chasing one another over the rocks and mountains; and of their restless, unquiet state of mind who live in this spirit; and of the hatred which naturally grows up in the minds of

the children of those nations engaged in war with each other: during these meditations the desire to cherish the spirit of love and peace amongst these people arose very fresh in me. This was the first night that we lodged in the woods; and being wet with travelling in the rain, the ground, our tent, and the bushes which we purposed to lay under, our blankets also wet, all looked discouraging; but I believed it was the Lord who had thus far brought me forward, and that he would dispose of me as he saw good, and therein I felt easy. We kindled a fire with our tent open to it; and with some bushes next the ground, and then our blankets, we made our bed, and lying down, got asleep; and in the morning, feeling a little unwell, I went into the river, the water was cold, but soon after I felt fresh and well." At Wyoming they were told that an "Indian runner had been at the place a day or two before us, and brought news of the Indians taking an English fort westward, and destroying the people, and that they were endeavoring to take another; and also that another Indian runner came there about the middle of the night before we got there, who came from a town about ten miles above Wehaloosing, and brought news that some Indian warriors, from distant parts, came to that town with two

English scalps; and told the people that it was war with the English."

"Our guide took us to the house of a very ancient man, and, soon after we had put in our baggage, there came a man from another Indian house some distance off, and I perceiving there was a man near the door, went out; and he having a tomahawk under his match-coat out of sight, as I approached him, he took it in his hand. I however went forward, and speaking to him in a pleasant way, perceived he understood some English; my companion then coming out, we had some talk with him concerning the nature of our visit to these parts; and then he going into the house with us, and talking with our guides, soon appeared friendly, and sat down and smoked his pipe. Though his taking his hatchet in his hand at the instant I drew near to him had a disagreeable appearance, I believe he had no other intent than to be in readiness, in case any violence was offered to him. The next day we sought out and visited all the Indians hereabouts that we could meet with, they being chiefly in one place about a mile from where we lodged, in all perhaps twenty. I expressed the care I had on my mind for their good, and told them that true love had made me willing to leave my family and friends to come and see the Indians, and speak with them in their

houses. Some of them appeared kind and friendly We took our leave of these Indians, and went up the river Susquehanna about three miles, to the house of an Indian called Jacob January, who had killed his hog; and the women were making a store of bread, and preparing to move up the river. Here our pilots left their canoe when they came down in the spring, which was leaky, having been lying dry; and being detained some hours, we had a good deal of friendly conversation with the family; and, after eating dinner with them, made them some small presents. Then putting our baggage in the canoe, some of them pushed slowly up the stream, and the rest of us rode our horses, and swimming them over a creek, we pitched our tent a little above it, there being a shower in the evening; and in a sense of God's goodness in helping me in my distress, sustaining me under trials, and inclining my heart to trust in him, I lay down in an humble, bowed frame of mind, and had a comfortable night's lodging." After about a month's absence, he was permitted to return in safety and health to his dearly-loved home, and to receive the warm greetings of his affectionate family — the meeting being all the more joyous because of the perils and hardships which he had encountered, and the anxiety his family had felt on account of

the dangers which they knew were in the way, and from which their love could not shield him.

"Doubtless," said Anna, "a song of thanksgiving rose that night from that re-united household band; for he himself expresses his gladness at being at home again, remarking: 'My mind, while I was out, had been so employed in striving for a perfect resignation, and I had so often been confirmed in a belief that whatever the Lord might be pleased to allot for me would work for good, that I was careful lest I should admit any degree of selfishness in being glad over-much, and labored to improve by those trials in such a manner as my gracious Father and Protector intends for me.'"

"How warm and deep," said Mary, "must have been the affection of the Indians for William Penn and his friends, when, after the lapse of so many years, and while carrying on active hostilities with their white brethren, they still retained so much confidence in the good-will and kindness manifested by the children of Onas towards the red-man of the forest, that they would receive one of these kindly — sharing their sometimes scanty supply of food with the stranger; proffering him the shelter of their wigwams, and listening attentively when he spoke of the loveliness of peace, and the evil consequences of war, not only to their foes, but to themselves as a people. Surely the "presence of

the Lord' went with him in his journey through the wilderness, as with Moses in his long and devious wanderings in the Arabian desert, protecting and preserving him, leading him in a way that he knew not—and inclining the hearts of these savage denizens of the forest to his words; for to look at it with the eye of human wisdom, his preservation seems almost marvellous."

CHAPTER IX.

"DEAR Ruth," said the loving little Effie, "after John Woolman had returned in safety from this perilous journey, upon which he went forth, as one bearing his life in his hand, did he not, after all, die in a distant country, far away from home and kindred? Was it not in England? Wilt thou not tell us of his voyage thither? It must have been a great undertaking, in those days, especially, when there were, comparatively, so few facilities for travelling, to cross the great ocean. It must have been very hard for him, to feel, as he expresses it, as a 'sojourner in his own habitation;' hardly daring to rejoice at his safe return, and feeling even then, that the command would soon go forth to take up again his pilgrim staff and journey onward wherever the 'finger of Truth' should point the way."

"Doubtless, my dear sister," responded Ruth; "it was greatly in the cross; and yet my sympathy has flowed forth freely towards that faithful, devoted wife, who so cheerfully gave up her husband, to the 'work and service of the Lord;'

fulfilling all her home duties; caring for the comfort and well-being of her household; striving to 'train up her children in the fear of the Lord,' and to fill the place of father as well as mother to them, during the long and frequent absences of her husband; and yet ever ready to help him bear his burdens; to strengthen him with her loving sympathy and wise counsel. I have often been struck with the wisdom of the command given to the Israelites, that those 'who tarry by the stuff,' should share in the spoils of those who 'went forth to the battle.'

It seems to me, that the long waiting, the anxious suspense, the constant anticipation of coming evil, is more to be dreaded, than known danger; for with the sense of peril, comes the excitement of averting or escaping it. A few months after his return from his religious visit to Pennsylvania, he was attacked with pleurisy, and lay dangerously ill for some time.

In speaking of this illness, he says, "I was brought so near the gates of death, that I forgot my name: being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter, of a dull, gloomy color, between the South and the East; and was informed that this mass was human beings, in as great misery as they could be, and live; and that I was mixed in with them, and that henceforth I

might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft, melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any I had heard before. I believed it was the voice of an angel, who spake to the other angels, and the words were these, John Woolman is dead. I remembered that I was once John Woolman; and being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean. I believed beyond doubting, that it was the voice of a holy angel, but as yet it was a mystery to me.

I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians; and I heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved; for his name to me was precious. Then I was informed that these heathens were told, that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ; and they said among themselves, 'If Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant.' All this time, the song of the angel remained a mystery; and in the morning, my dear wife and some others coming to my bed-side, I asked them if they knew who I was; and they telling me I was John Woolman, thought I was light-headed; for I told them not what the angel said, nor was I disposed to tal-

much to any one; but was very desirous to get so deep that I might understand this mystery. My tongue was often so dry that I could not speak, till I had moved it about and gathered some moisture, and as I lay still for a time, at length, I felt Divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and then I said, 'I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.' Then the mystery was opened; and I perceived there was joy in Heaven over a sinner who had repented; and that, that language (John Woolman is dead) meant no more than the death of my own will."

Not long after his recovery from this illness, he believed that the time had fully come for him to prepare for his visit to England; and having "settled his outward affairs to his mind, 'and taken leave of his wife and family, as never to return,' leaving them to the Divine protection; he embarked at Chester, in the 4th month, 1772, in a ship called the 'Mary and Elizabeth,' bound for London. Samuel Emlen, Jr., a noted minister, in the Society of Friends, had taken passage in the same ship, as a cabin passenger; but John Woolman observing the carving upon the outside of the cabin, and the luxurious furnishing of the

inside, more than ever impressed with the belief that it was part of his mission to be a living example of plainness and simplicity, told the master of the ship that he was not free to occupy the cabin; and therefore took his place in the steerage, much to the regret of some of his friends, who knowing the discomforts of such a mode of travelling, and fearing the ill-effects of it upon him in his weak state of health, would fain have persuaded him to take cabin passage. He was favored to reach England, in good health, notwithstanding all the bodily discomforts attendant upon such a voyage, and the distress of mind endured on account of the profanity of the sailors, many of whom, when appealed to, personally, spoke of their state being one of such extreme degradation, that there was no hope of relief for them, and no resource, except drinking and swearing. On the 8th of 6th month, 1772, he landed at London, and went straightway to the Yearly Meeting, which had convened about half an hour before. After the close of this meeting, he left London, turning his face to the northward, attending the meetings as they came in his way, travelling mostly on foot. Here again he was brought into suffering, on account of the hardships endured by the post-boys, especially during the winter, and in inclement weather; they having to travel their

own particular routes, and arrive at stated places, at certain hours, irrespective of storm and cold — insomuch that sometimes their limbs were badly frozen, or incurable diseases brought on by the cold and exposure. He requested his friends not to send him any letters by post, preferring not to hear from his family, dear though they were to him, than to countenance in any way, this system of oppression. In the 9th month, 1772, having visited many meetings in the middle and north of England, and mingled much with Friends in their own families, breaking the bread of life, and handing it to these as he received it from the Lord of the feast, he came to York, intending to be present at the Quarterly Meeting held in that city; but before it was over, he was taken ill of the small-pox.

I will read to you, my dear sisters, the account of the closing hours of his life, written by his friend Thomas Priestman, at whose house he died, and who appears to have watched over him tenderly, and ministered to his every want. He says: "His disorder appeared to be the small-pox. Being asked to have a doctor's advice, he signified he had not freedom or liberty in his mind to do so, standing wholly resigned to his will who gave him life, and whose power he had witnessed to raise and heal him in sickness before, when he

seemed nigh unto death, and if he was to wind up now he was perfectly resigned, having no will either to live or die, and did not choose any should be sent for to him. But a young man, an apothecary, coming of his own accord the next day, and desiring to do something for him, he said he found a freedom to confer with him and the other Friends about him, and if anything should be proposed as medicine that did not come through defiled channels, or oppressive hands, he should be willing to consider and take it so far as he found freedom. His disorder affecting his head, he could think but little, and as a child, and desired if his understanding should be more affected, to have nothing given him that those about him knew he had a testimony against. Third day, he uttered the following prayer: "O Lord, my God, the amazing horrors of darkness were gathered around me, and covered me all over, and I saw no way to go forth. I felt the depth and the extent of the misery of my fellow-creatures, separated from the Divine harmony, and it was heavier than I could bear, and I was crushed down under it. I lifted up my hand, I stretched out my arm, but there was none to help me. I looked round about and was amazed. In the depths of misery, O Lord, I remembered that thou art omnipotent, that I had called thee Father, and felt that I loved thee, and I was made

quiet in thy will, and I waited for deliverance from thee. Thou hadst pity upon me when no man could help me. I saw that meekness under suffering was showed to us in the most affecting example of thy Son, and thou taught me to follow him, and I said thy will, O Father, be done."

Fourth day morning, being asked how he felt, he meekly answered, "I don't know that I have slept this night. I feel the disorder making its progress, but my mind is mercifully preserved in stillness and peace." Some time after he said he was sensible the pains of death must be hard to bear, but if he escaped them now, he must some time pass through them, and he did not know that he could be better prepared, but had no will in it. He said he had settled his outward affairs to his mind, and had taken leave of his wife and family as never to return, leaving them to the Divine protection, adding, "and though I feel them near to me at this time, yet I freely give them up, having a hope that they will be provided for." A little after he said, "This trial is made easier than I could have thought, my will being wholly taken away; for if I was anxious for the event, it would have been harder — but I am not, and my mind enjoys a perfect calm." In the night, a young woman having given him something to drink, he said, "My child, thou seems very kind to me, a

poor creature; the Lord will reward thee for it." Awhile after, he cried out with great earnestness of spirit, "Oh, my Father! my Father!" and soon after he said, "Oh, my Father! my Father! how comfortable art thou to my soul in this trying season." Being asked if he could take a little nourishment, after some pause he replied, "My child, I cannot tell what to say to it; I seem nearly arrived where my soul shall have rest from all its troubles." After giving in something to be inserted in his journal, he said, "I believe the Lord will now excuse me from exercises of this kind. I see no work but one, which is to be the last wrought by me in this world; the messenger will come that will release me from all these troubles; but it must be in the Lord's time, which I am waiting for."

He said he had labored to do whatever was required, according to the ability received, in the remembrance of which he had peace; and though the disorder was strong at times, and would like a whirlwind come over his mind, yet it had hitherto been kept steady, and centred in everlasting love; adding, "and if that be mercifully continued, I ask or desire no more." Another time he said, he had long had a view of visiting this nation, and some time before he came, he had a dream, in which he saw himself in the northern parts of it,

and that the spring of the Gospel was opened in him, much as in the beginning of Friends, such as George Fox and William Dewsbury; and he saw the different states of the people as clearly as he ever saw flowers in a garden; but in his going along, he was suddenly stopped, though he could not see for what end; but looking towards home, fell into a flood of tears, which awakened him. At another time he said, "My draught seemed strongest towards the North, and I mentioned in my own Monthly meeting, that attending the Quarterly meeting at York, and being there, looked like home to me."

Fifth-day night, having repeatedly consented to take medicine, with a view to settle his stomach, but without effect, the Friend then waiting on him said through distress, "What shall I do now?" He answered with great composure, "Rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks;" but added a little after, "This is sometimes hard to come at." Sixth-day morning, early, he broke forth in supplication in this wise: "O Lord! it was thy power that enabled me to forsake sin in my youth, and I have felt thy bruises for disobedience; but as I bowed under them thou healed me, continuing a father and a friend. I feel thy power now, and I beg that in the approaching trying moment, thou wilt keep my heart steadfast

to thee." Upon his giving directions to a friend concerning some little things, she said, "I will take care, but hope thou wilt live to order them thyself;" he replied, "My hope is in Christ, and though I may seem a little better, a change in the disorder may soon happen, and my little strength be dissolved, and if so it happens, I shall be gathered to my everlasting rest."

On her saying she did not doubt that, but could not help mourning to see so many faithful servants removed at so low a time, he said, "All good cometh from the Lord, whose power is the same, and can work as he sees best." The same day he had given directions about wrapping his corpse; and perceiving a Friend to weep, he said, "I would rather thou wouldst guard against weeping for me, my sister; I sorrow not, though I have had some painful conflicts, but now they seem over, and matters well settled, and I look at the face of my dear Redeemer, for sweet is his voice, and his countenance is comely."

First-day, 4th of the Tenth month, being very weak, and in general difficult to be understood, he uttered a few words in commemoration of the Lord's goodness, and added, "How tenderly have I been waited on, in this time of affliction, in which I may say in Job's words, 'Tedious days and wearisome nights are appointed unto me,' —

and how many are spending their time and money in anity and superfluities, while thousands and tens of thousands want the necessaries of life, who might be relieved by them, and their distresses, at such a time as this, in some degree softened, by the administering suitable things." Second-day morning, the apothecary, who appeared very anxious to assist him, being present, he queried about the probability of such a load of matter being thrown off his weak body; and the apothecary making some remarks, implying that he thought it might, he spoke with an audible voice on this wise: "My dependence is in the Lord Jesus, who I trust will forgive my sins, which is all I hope for; and if it be his will to raise up this body again, I am content, and if to die, I am resigned; and if thou canst not be easy without trying to assist nature, I submit;" after which his throat was so much affected, that it was very difficult for him to speak so as to be understood, and he frequently wrote when he wanted anything. About the second hour on Fourth-day morning, he asked for pen and ink, and at several times with much difficulty wrote thus: "I believe my being here is in the wisdom of Christ; I know not as to life or death." About a quarter before six o'clock the same morning he seemed to fall into an easy sleep, which continued about half an hour, when seem-

ing to awake, he breathed a few times with difficulty, and expired without sigh, groan, or struggle."

"Only fifty-two," said Ruth, "and yet to have accomplished so much; to have left behind him a name which will long be loved and honored; and an influence that will be insensibly felt for untold generations. Truly hath the poet said—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thought, not breath;
In feeling, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs, when they beat
For God, for man, for duty. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.
Life is but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things, God."

As I look back upon his comparatively short life, and see how he went on with unfaltering purpose, in weakness of body, in discouragement, through trials and difficulties apparently insurmountable, how ashamed I feel of my lukewarmness, of my feeble efforts in behalf of the Right and True; allowing myself to stumble at every little obstacle, and to be discouraged, because those around me may not think as I do. The remembrance of John Woolman's energy and perseverance will, I trust, nerve me to renewed diligence in the humble field of labor assigned me, so that

I too, when my work here is accomplished, may receive the welcome plaudit of "well done." Who can ponder upon the closing scene of the life of this good and great man, and not exclaim with one of old, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Their loving sister, Anna, broke the solemn silence that followed these words, by reciting, in a low, earnest tone, the following

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JOHN WOOLMAN:

His pilgrim-staff is broken,
His sandals laid aside;
And full of joy and triumph,
He's crossed the swelling tide.

For though to him, the summons
Came ere the evening time—
Before his head was covered
With Autumn's hoary rime;

Yet glad, he heard the message,
"Come to the Blessed Shore,
Thy work is now accomplished,
Thy pilgrimage is o'er."

For toilsome was the journey—
A rough and devious way;
Oft through the lonely deserts,
And o'er the hills, it lay.

And onward he went weeping,
With others' griefs bowed low;
From morn till even, pleading,
"Oh! let the captive go!"

For in his ears was ringing,
The cry from Afric's land;
And sounds of bitter wailing
Were heard on every hand.

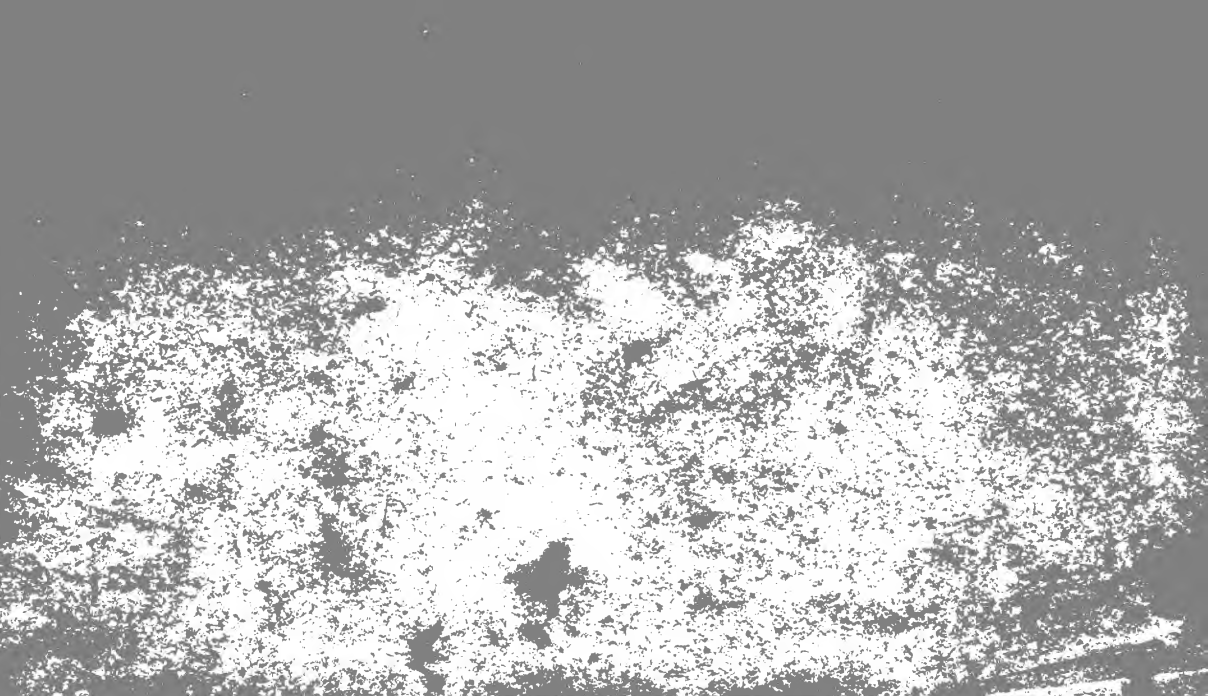
To plead for these, his mission,
The suffering and the weak;
To visit those in prison —
And for the dumb to speak.

And in the field appointed,
He labored long and well —
The conflict ne'er gave o'er,
Till at his post he fell.

His pilgrim-staff is broken,
His sandals laid aside —
And full of joy and triumph,
He's crossed the swelling tide

And done with toil forever,
He's entered on his rest,—
The heavenly "rest" remaining,
For those the Lord hath blest!

THE END.



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